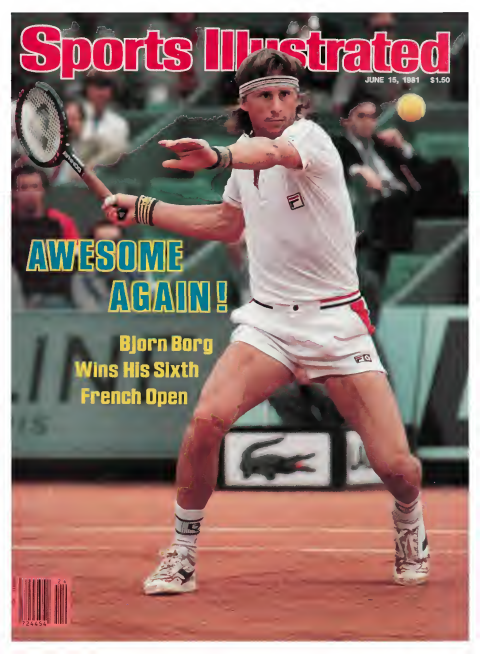


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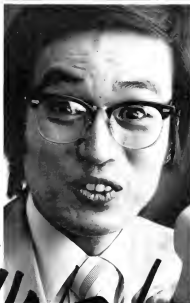
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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



WRITER McDERMOTT, AS SEEN—FREQUENTLY—BY IDOLS

Nevertheless, the story was well suited to McDermott, whose golfing monomania once rivaled Trevino's. McDermott grew up pitching pennies in caddy yards, and won a golf scholarship to the University of Cincinnati, where he "made a cameo appearance." At the *Enquirer*, he would practice, without club, in the wire room; once, as the result of an errant "swing," he left a divot of skin from his hand on the edge of a Western Union machine.

Later, McDermott often played in pro-ams, almost outrivalling Jack Nicklaus in one Cincinnati charity event. "Bob Hope was razzing me from behind, so I just closed my eyes and accidentally hit the longest drive of my life," says McDermott. "That was the hardest part. The second-hardest was acting like I did it all the time."

Soon after he moved to New York, McDermott, then a two-handicapper, forsook golf for tennis, a game more suited to asphalt, and now pucks rackets instead of clubs on the road. He knew golf was out of the question after he played a public course built on a Brooklyn garbage dump. "Instead of washing my balls after a round, I had to detoxify them," he says.

Even a week stalking Trevino at the L.A. Open didn't tempt McDermott to return to the game, but he does seem to have picked up Trevino's way with the good-natured zinger. McDermott's regular tennis partner—and victim—is staff photographer Walter Iooss, who took the picture above and most of those that accompany the Trevino article. Asked about his domination of Iooss on the courts, McDermott observes, "All it proves is that I can beat anyone who was named by a misfiring IBM Selectric typewriter."

Philip D. Harker

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Footloose

by JIM KAPLAN

LESS, AS IN A UNIQUE PEEWEE COURSE, MAY CREATE MORE INTEREST IN GOLF

Golf can be a relatively expensive pastime even for the publius player. According to a recent study by the National Golf Foundation, the average player on public courses spends close to \$500 a year on equipment, clothing and golf-course fees. That figure undoubtedly will rise as the cost of maintaining a public course spirals upward—an average of about \$11,000 a year is now spent in caring for a single hole. Fortunately, there may be a way out of golf's economic bunker: less-manicured courses with smaller fairways to lower maintenance costs and thus playing fees. The new Tournament Players Club at PGA Tour headquarters in Ponte Vedra Beach, Fla. has fewer than 50 acres requiring regular maintenance,

as opposed to the 80 to 130 acres on most 18-hole courses.

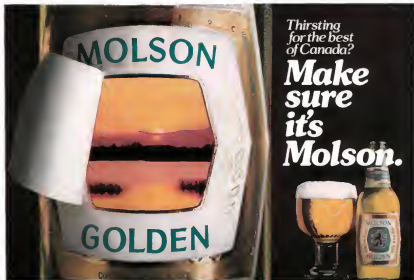
But who will play the svelte new courses of the future? It's getting tougher and tougher to attract kids to the game. In part, the problem is inherent in the nature of golf. Unlike disco, racquetball or backgammon, golf offers no instant gratification. The rewards are worthwhile but hard-earned, and caddying, once the surest training ground for future pros and the best way to interest young people in the game, is becoming an endangered occupation. Electric golf carts are often the villains. I've played on courses where golfers were required to ride. Electric golf isn't exercise for anyone, and it is driving kids to other sports.

Happily, a form of scaling down may also solve that problem. Consider the PGA Tour's Wee Links Golf Course at the Walt Disney World Golf Resort near Orlando, Fla. The brainchild of tour Commissioner Deane Beman, Wee Links

is the first course ever laid out especially—though not exclusively—for junior players.

It consists of six holes—1,150 yards—on a 25-acre plot near Disney World's Magnolia Course. In "junior yards," two feet to a yard, the course measures 1,725 yards. The par 3s actually measure 95 and 108 yards, the par 4s 173, 238 and 255, and the par 5, 281. Youngsters are given clubs, balls, instruction and playing time—all for \$2. The Wee Links management makes ends meet by keeping maintenance costs to a minimum. The tees and greens are of Mod-Sod—an artificial surface of compressed sand and grasslike fibers—and irrigation has been reduced to a minimum. Golf-shop supplies and snack-bar food are provided on a break-even basis. And in Disney World the Wee Links Golf Center operates out of the main clubhouse, using the Magnolia practice range for group instruction.

continued



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FOOTLOOSE continued

The PGA Tour decided to locate the first Wee Links course at Disney World for several reasons, two of them being: It seemed the best place for the greatest number of children (and other beginners) to try out the concept, and Disney World donated the land and management personnel for the pilot project.

In March I toured Wee Links with my sons, Benjamin, 12, and Matthew, 11, neither of whom had ever played golf. Our round took about 90 minutes. The kids enjoyed themselves. I was ecstatic. A mid-90s golfer, I shot even-par for the first time. So what if it wasn't the standard par? I felt great. And the experience left me with strong feelings about regulation-size courses:

1) Mod-Sod should be adopted forthwith by virtually all public courses. A flat, even tee-off area is a golfer's birth-right, yet most public, and not a few private, courses have disgracefully unkempt tee-off areas. It's easy to stick a tee into Mod-Sod, and the stuff isn't as slippery as it looks. The only problem is that Mod-Sod can't withstand chopping blows by irons. But if tee shots must be hit with unfamiliar upswings on par 3s, the flat surface on the other holes will more than justify the trade-off.

2) Mod-Sod greens are worth considering for wider use. They're simple to putt on, like carpets—hot damn, I was canning putts from all over! Granted, Mod-Sod is much too easy a surface for the pros. All tournament courses—in fact, all courses that can afford them—should stick to regulation greens. But if Mod-Sod is all that stands between a course and bankruptcy, I'm all for it.

3) Wee Links will assist big links, not compete with them. Future Wee Links—one is already planned for Arizona—will attract newcomers, give experienced players a place to work on their short games, upbraid off dilettantes from overcrowded regulation courses and create new golfers. There's something for everyone, and the price is right. To quote from the Wee Links Development and Operation Profile: "While the youngsters are in school, senior citizens, women and other adults will have access to the facility. Weekends will provide families with an excellent opportunity to discover golf."

Wee Links is probably an accurate statement about the future of golf. Only by cutting back can the sport hope to grow.

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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

ROGER WHEELER AND JAI ALAI'S NONE-TOO-WATCHFUL WATCHDOGS

The gangland-style slaying on May 27 at a Tulsa country club of Roger M. Wheeler, chairman of Telex Corp. and the largely absentee owner of Miami-based World Jai-Alai Inc., has prompted Connecticut authorities to announce the reconvening of a grand jury to look into possible links between jai alai and organized crime. Whether or not Wheeler's murder had anything to do with jai alai—last week law-enforcement officials were leaning toward the view that it did—the prospect of a closer look at jai alai's possible mob ties is welcome. Certainly it didn't require Wheeler's murder to determine that World Jai-Alai, which operates four frontons in Florida and ran one in Hartford, Conn. until three months ago, has had at least indirect links to organized-crime figures. Those connections conceivably may have been strong enough for the Florida and Connecticut gaming commissions to deny or revoke pari-mutuel licenses. Yet the commissions took a see-no-evil approach to jai alai, a sport that, perhaps not incidentally, produces considerable tax revenue for both states.

Specifically, the commissions seemed untroubled by the shadow that John B. Callahan, who was World Jai-Alai's president from December 1974 to March 1976, continued to cast after his departure from the company. A 275-pound accountant and Boston-based business consultant, Callahan was ousted after it was learned that police in Boston had given Connecticut authorities information concerning alleged ties between mobsters and Callahan, a potential source of embarrassment to World Jai-Alai. Callahan was succeeded by a man he had brought into the company, Richard P. Donovan. Callahan and Donovan had worked at the same Boston accounting firm and had become partners in a consulting business. Upon Callahan's departure from World Jai-Alai he and Donovan appeared, outwardly at least, to have had a falling-out.

But Callahan didn't exactly disappear. World Jai-Alai's board soon began seeking a purchaser for the company, and Callahan made overtures to buy, but the board apparently concluded that not even the notably lax Florida and Connecticut commissions would license him. Another prospective buyer, Jack B. Cooper, was also rejected; he was a convicted felon and a known associate of mobster Meyer Lansky. Cooper later testified he had been introduced to World Jai-Alai's management by Paul Rico, a former Boston FBI man who had been hired by Callahan as World Jai-Alai's security chief and who, like Donovan, is still with the company. Cooper also said he had used Callahan as a financial consultant. World Jai-Alai was later courted by the Bally Manufacturing Company, which makes slot machines. Partly because Bally had had mob ties in the past, that deal fell through, too, leaving World Jai-Alai still in need of a "very wealthy, totally independent" buyer, as

Donovan put it. Enter Wheeler, who had roots in the Boston area—he was born in Reading, Mass.—and who became the head of Telex, a Tulsa-based manufacturer of computer and electronic gear. Described by friends as a churchgoing man who found gambling personally abhorrent, Wheeler nevertheless had become attracted to legalized gambling for investment purposes. After dickerings in vain to acquire racetracks, a slot-machine business from Bally and a Las Vegas casino, Wheeler decided to buy World Jai-Alai. He was steered into the deal by David McKown, a loan officer at First National Bank of Boston.

Investigators engaged by the Florida Pari-Mutuel Division to look into the proposed sale of World Jai-Alai adjudged Wheeler's "moral character" to be acceptable. However, they learned that McKown had assured World Jai-Alai's management that Wheeler would be uninvolved in day-to-day operations—or as Donovan put it, "Roger would do the deal and that is it, he is gone." The investigation also revealed that in putting together a \$33-million loan to Wheeler—toward the purchase price of \$50 million—First National had insisted on provisions in the loan agreement that assured that Donovan would stay on, ostensibly to provide continuity of management. Furthermore, McKown said in a deposition that the bank insisted on the right to name Donovan's successor if that became necessary and that his initial choice would be the ubiquitous Callahan, who turned out to be a financial consultant to First National.

Expressing misgivings about the conditions imposed by the bank, the investigators noted that Callahan's name had been linked by law-enforcement sources to a Boston-area organized-crime faction headed by Howard Winter, who was convicted in 1979 on racketeering and bribery charges largely on the testimony of master horse-race fixer Tony Ciulla (SI, Nov. 6, 1978). Nevertheless, the Florida agency approved the sale of World Jai-Alai to Wheeler in June 1978. Dan Bradley, who was the agency's director at the time, last week told SI's Bob Sullivan that he had received assurances from First National that McKown's testimony notwithstanding, Callahan wouldn't be involved in World Jai-Alai.

The Connecticut Commission on Special Revenue (since reconstructed as the Gaming Policy Board) wasn't even that vigilant. Long considered a dumping ground for political hacks (SI, June 11, 1979), the commission either didn't obtain the report of the Florida investigators or suppressed it. Nor did it delve into First National's role in the Wheeler deal or whether World Jai-Alai had purged itself of Callahan's influence. Lester B. Snyder, a University of Connecticut law professor who was then a commission member, says he tried without success to raise those questions. The Wheeler acquisition was approved in October 1978, with Snyder casting the only dissenting vote.

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No sooner was Wheeler's purchase of World Jai-Alai consummated than he found himself in a business attracting more than its share of unfavorable attention. A grand jury in Connecticut, the one now being reconvened, looked into allegations of corruption at Hartford and the state's two other frontons, an investigation that led to the conviction of seven people for fixing games. There also were charges that former fronton employees had provided inside information to a network of gamblers suspected of having organized-crime ties. Last summer World Jai-Alai entered into a partnership with three Florida dog tracks, including one owned in part by Cooper, whose ties with Lansky touched off a political uproar in Connecticut.

Wheeler, who had been described as having had "moral apprehensions" about getting into jai alai, now was said to be contemplating getting out. Last March he sold the Hartford fronton to L. Stanley Berenson, a jai alai entrepreneur who had feuded with Callahan and Donovan and who had reportedly complained to the FBI that World Jai-Alai was infiltrated by mob elements. If the sale to Berenson was calculated to ruffle feathers, so was Wheeler's recent firing of 11

World Jai-Alai employees. Maybe none of this had anything to do with his murder, just as it may have been an unrelated development last Friday when somebody fired several bullets into the Miami building housing the Florida pari-mutuel division's offices. Still, this much was certain about Wheeler's last few months: Suddenly the absentee owner was making his presence very much felt.

Last week Callahan's lawyer quoted him as denying "any involvement whatsoever with organized crime." A spokesman for First National of Boston meanwhile insisted that it had followed its normal procedures in arranging its loan to World Jai-Alai and was satisfied it was dealing with "people of sound reputation" in the transaction. The sad thing was that these denials concerned allegations that were made nearly five years ago to state regulatory bodies that chose not to get to the bottom of them. That failure might have contributed to the misapprehension that Wheeler apparently labored under when he bought World Jai-Alai. He expressed the opinion at the time that the sport was "clean as a hound's tooth," adding, "I've staked my reputation and money on it." He said nothing about staking his life on it.

BOBBY ZIMMERMAN'S TOWN

Because virtually all the players in the NBA are American, while most of those in the NHL are Canadian, it's not often that natives of the same town—on either side of the border—perform concurrently in the championship series of those sports. But Hibbing, Minn., can boast just such a double. Not content with being the birthplace of the Greyhound bus system and the hometown of Bob Dylan—quite a double right there—Hibbing also claims as native sons Minnesota North Star Center Mike Polich and Boston Celtic Forward Kevin McHale, who appeared in this year's Stanley Cup and NBA finals, respectively. For the record, Dylan (real name: Robert Zimmerman) graduated from Hibbing High in '59, Polich in '71 and McHale in '76.

GOING LEGIT

Over the years Broadway has found rich sources of material in the comics (*Ltj Abner*, *Annie*), monster tales (*Dracula*, *Frankenstein*) and old movies (*42nd Street*, *Woman of the Year*), but its interest in baseball has been largely confined to that 1955 was-horse, *Damn Yankees*. Now the national pastime may move to center stage. A musical based on *Babe*. SI Articles Editor Robert W. Creamer's biography of Babe Ruth, is being planned, and Variety reports that other baseball-related productions are in the works, including a play called *Yankee Wives* and, as though the specter of a singing, dancing Sultan of Swat weren't

enough, musicals entitled *Red Hot* (about the minor leagues), *The Winner* (about the Dodgers' move to Los Angeles), *The First* (about Jackie Robinson) and *A Whole New Ballgame*. And *Damn Yankees* will be revived this summer at the Jones Beach Theatre on Long Island. Cast in the lead role of baseball phenom Joe Hardy is Joe Namath, who henceforth presumably will be known as Way-Off-Broadway Joe.

INVESTIGATIVE REPORTING

May the following exchange be admitted in evidence in the case of the People vs. Baseball House Announcers. The speakers are Frank Messer and Bill White, who were hired by the New York Yankees to announce the team's games on radio and TV and who serve at the club's pleasure. The Yankees had lost four straight, owner George Steinbrenner had recently summoned Manager Gene Michael to Florida amid rumors Michael's job was on the line, Steinbrenner had assailed everyone from Ron Guidry to the trainers, and Pitching Coach Stan Williams had just been replaced. Listen to Messer and White during the third inning of a 5-2 win over the Indians:

Messer: The Yankees had a meeting before the ball game.

(Pause while the pitcher throws to first)

White: What did they talk about?

Messer: I have no idea.

White: Well, the papers will know tomorrow.

Messer: Usually at every team meeting there's a player or somebody who'll let it leak. (Pause for a pitch) I'll tell you the truth, I don't really care.

The prosecution rests.

EGG CREAM ON HIS FACE

It happened a decade ago, but for some reason the story wasn't told until the Cleveland Plain Dealer's Hal Lebowitz recounted it the other day. Even now it sounds so pat that Cleveland Browns Public Relations Director Nate Wallack has to persuade doubters of its authenticity. Wallack was jotting down some notes during an NFL draft when he was called away. An inquisitive sportswriter glanced at Wallack's notes in his absence and saw the following: 3CB, 4BB, 3LB. Were the Browns looking for three cornerbacks, four running backs and three linebackers? When the snoopy writer sought confirmation, he learned that the list was the PR man's lunch order from a delicatessen: three corned beefs, four roast beefs, three lox-and-bagel sandwiches.

THEY SAID IT

◆ Dave Lopes, Dodger second baseman, after an 0-for-25 slump dropped his average to less than .100: "I'm trying to get down to zero and start the season over."

◆ Terry Hanson, Atlanta Chief vice-president, explaining why marketing gimmicks no longer seem to be working in the struggling NASL: "You can only bring the players in on the back of a fire truck so many times." **END**

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Sports Illustrated

JUNE 15, 1981

THE RESULT WASN'T PLEASANT

Surprising Summing finished first in the Belmont Stakes, edging a sharp Highland Blade by a neck. And Pleasant Colony, the favorite? Third, a length and a half back and out of the picture **by WILLIAM NACK**



Summing had been fitted with protective bandages, brushed and rubbed to a coppery sheen, and now his groom, Andres Rahanal, closed the gate on his stall and flipped off the light switch. The champagne party in Barn 59 at Belmont Park, in front of Stall 61, was winding down last Saturday evening, and there was only one more detail that needed tending to. Rosemary Rivezzo, Summing's 56-year-old hotwalker, straight-

ened the blanket of white carnations—the one that Summing had worn into the winner's circle after the Belmont Stakes, almost two hours earlier—over the webbing in front of the bay colt's stall. From the back of the stall there came a rustling as Summing did a quick circuit of his pad and stepped to the gate. He sniffed at the carnations like a man smelling a boutonniere in his lapel, then nuzzled tentatively at a flower.

"Don't let him eat his carnations!" cried a voice.

"Oh, he can eat 'em if he wants," said Rivezzo. "He earned 'em, didn't he? He earned 'em, he can eat 'em."

Earned them he had—and \$170,580 to boot—in the two minutes and 29 seconds it took him to dispatch 10 other 3-year-olds, including Triple Crown candidate Pleasant Colony, in the 113th running of the mile-and-a-half. *continued*



Belmont, the last, the longest and the strangest of the 1981 Triple Crown races. Summing up and won at in the last half-mile after Jockey George Martens wisely opened what turned out to be an insurmountable lead on the far turn. In the last 100 yards, when Highland Blade made a furious run at him, Summing fought back doggedly to beat Blade by a shrinking neck. Pleasant Colony, who had won the Kentucky Derby and Preakness and was the 4-5 favorite to become the 12th Triple Crown winner, finished with wet sails and wound up third, a length and a half behind Highland Blade.

"It's a tough game, pal," said John P. Campo, the outspoken trainer of Pleasant Colony, back at the barn. "Win some and lose some. You can't make any excuses for him. The best horse won. What did we get beat by? A neck and a length and a half? That's no disgrace."

To most of the 61,106 horseplayers who witnessed the race and let Summing slip off at 7-1, the Belmont was a series of surprises, a strangely paced, weirdly raced contest that began as a hesitation wait, came alive in Summing's one burst of speed and ended with the pop and fury of whips in the final breathtaking yards. Summing's trainer, 59-year-old Luis Barrera, nearly fainted after the horses hit the line, but his swoon was as much the result of the heat and fatigue, he says, as watching his horse win. In fact, Barrera had been exhorting people all week to believe in his horse—"He's a big, big contender," Barrera said Saturday morning. "He's got a good shot to win"—while Martens, a fresh-faced 22-year-old rider who grew up around Belmont Park, was making bold prophecies, telling friends unqualifiedly that he would beat Pleasant Colony and win his first Belmont Stakes.

Just three months ago such confidence in Summing's ability to go a mile and a half would have seemed fantastic. He was a nervous, flighty colt who left the gate as if it were a burning barn, charged for the lead and resisted fiercely all efforts to restrain him. Headstrong and speed-crazy, he seemed destined to make his living as a dash man. "He was overactive," says Tommy Barrera, Luis's 34-year-old son, who assists his father and helps exercise the horses. "Whenever he got excited in the gate, he'd come out screaming—a quarter in 22, a half in 45. He'd get over-anxious and start ramming the gate. At

Saratoga last year he reared up and put both front feet over the top of the gate. We started schooling him, but for a long time it didn't seem to have any effect."

It didn't all last year. Summing won only two of eight races in 1980, and \$36,970, mostly showing early luck and then tiring. When he finally broke his maiden on Sept. 1, at Belmont Park, incidentally, the colt who finished sixth, 16 lengths behind Summing, was Pleasant Colony.

Summing had his problems aside from impetuosity. He bucked his shins three times last year and was laid up a while with a cough. It wasn't until this past spring that Luis and Tommy began to make an impression on the horse. The colt's transformation during the last three months has been remarkable. That it was engineered by two Barreras is hardly so. The Cuban-born Luis comes from one of the most accomplished families of horsemen in America. Since his oldest brother, Angel, emigrated here in 1933 and became a trainer, four other Barreras have followed him—Luis, William, Oscar and Lazaro—to make it as horsemen. The most prominent of the brothers, Laz, trained Triple Crown winner Affirmed as well as the Derby and Belmont winner Bold Forbes.

One of the first owners to send horses to Laz was Charles T. Wilson Jr., 63, an industrialist born in New York and educated at Choate and Yale who now lives in Mexico City. Brother Luis trains Summing for Wilson, who has a small stable, only three horses, but has been breeding for years. "When I was 8 years old I had a Shetland pony named Dixie," Wilson says. "And I had a friend who had a 'gelding' named Tony. We turned them out together one year, and the next year the pony produced a foal. My Catholic friends thought it might be an example of immaculate conception. I myself guess he wasn't a gelding."

Wilson bred Summing himself, and there was nothing mysterious about that affair, either. He sent his homebred mare Sumatra to Verhagen, a fast, versatile horse who won stakes from seven furlongs to a mile and a quarter a dozen



For Martens, a high five and a lap full of champagne.

years ago, including the one-mile Gotham at Aqueduct in record time. Luis saddled Summing for the Gotham this spring, but the colt was in no condition to tangle with Proud Appeal and Cure the Blues, who hooked up in one of the most sensational speed duels of recent years. Summing struggled home fifth, 16 lengths behind the two buzz saws.

"He ran so bad I couldn't believe it," Barrera says. "As soon as we got him back to the barn I took his temperature. He had a 101° fever. He also had a skin rash before that. I couldn't get it together for him."

And then, suddenly, Luis and Tommy did. Already the Barreras had begun to sense a change in the horse's temperament and consequently in his running style. "We'd go out and gallop two miles in the morning and then, before I brought him back to the barn, I'd stop off at the starting gate," Tommy says. "We'd back him into the gate and have him stand there 10 or 15 minutes. In the last three months we started schooling him in the gate every day, and all of a sudden he started settling right down. He started relaxing. We would also get him out at 5:30 in the morning, when it was still dark, to gallop him. When you took him out in daylight, he'd see other horses and get very high-strung and you'd have to fight him. He got so where he could be rated. Like in the Pennsylvania Derby."

Two weeks ago, under Martens, Summing settled into fourth in the early pari-

of that nine-furlong Derby and won by a length and a half in a burst of speed through the lane, in 1:49. "He relaxed," Tommy says. "When the jock said go, he went. Before, there was no holding him. Just go." He paid \$75.20 for \$2. "He shouldn't have been 36-1 in that race," Lurs says. "He won it quite easy."

When, on June 2, Summing worked a mile on the Belmont training track in 1:37½, one of the fastest mile works on that track in recent memory, Lurs cheered all the way to the barn. He felt that the Penn Derby and the workout had set the horse up perfectly for the Belmont. "He got a good shot," Lurs said the morning of the race. "A key question is, can Pleasant Colony go a mile and a half?"

As for Martens, he abandoned all caution. On Saturday he told a longtime friend, Carl Pfister, "There's no way I can lose this race. My horse is much the best. I'll see you at the victory party."

Lurs had begun celebrating two days before the Belmont. His wife, Clara, had been undergoing chemotherapy for lung cancer, and on Thursday she called to tell him that the latest X-rays had revealed that the tumor had disappeared. "That was my Kentucky Derby and Preakness," Barrera said. There was now only the Belmont to win.

Despite Martens' optimism and Barrera's confidence, it was difficult to make a serious case against Pleasant Colony, who had run three strong races in a row—the Wood, the Derby and the Preakness. The form on most of the other horses ranged from bleak to erratic, and not even Campo could figure who would be chasing him home. Campo didn't throw out Summing. "He's coming to the race good," he said.

Pleasant Colony broke out in a sweat in the paddock, and he hauled several times before he agreed to move into the starting gate, perhaps upset by the presence of a television cameraman in the outside stall. He gave an impression of sourness, looking uncomfortable and out of sorts, like a straphanger on a hot, crowded bus. The speed horses, such as they were, took back at the break, leaving Bare Knuckles, an 80-1 shot, in front for the first half in 48½, a stroll. Summing lay sixth, with Martens saving ground. Pleasant Colony was last into the backstretch, almost 10 lengths behind the leaders—Bare Knuckles, Seryou, Stage Door Key and then Summing.

They cantered past the three-quarter pole in 1:14½, a holiday. Martens had Summing in a perfect spot. "I thought if I stayed on the fence and saved ground, it might make the difference," he says. As the horses in front drifted out, leaving room on the rail, Summing picked up the heat and took the lead. "He made that move by himself," Martens says. "When I made the lead and he relaxed, I knew I had a hell of a shot. I had a long hold. I just galloped around."

Running easily, Summing opened two lengths quickly as he left the far turn. Then three. Suddenly, Summing was five in front and all alone, following a slow mile in 1:39½. What had been keeping Jorge Velasquez, on Pleasant Colony, through that slow three-quarters of a mile? "What could I do?" Velasquez said later. "My horse had no speed." As they made the turn, Jacinto Vasquez, on Highland Blade, rushed up into second, with Pleasant Colony following. Straightening for home, with Summing still five on top, Martens chirped to him. The horse picked up the pace. Vasquez tried but couldn't close in. Nor could Velasquez.

Nearing midstretch, Martens asked for it all. "I said, 'It's time now.'" With an eighth of a mile to go, Summing still had three lengths on Highland Blade. Both riders were using the whip, Martens slashing right-handed, Vasquez left-handed. In the closing yards Summing began

to tire. Martens switched his stick to his left hand. He waved it in front of Summing's left eye. Vasquez, riding Highland Blade hard, was a length back, then half a length. Blade's nose came to Summing's neck. Then the wire flashed by. Martens raised his left arm in the air.

Up in the seats, Luis Barrera nearly collapsed. Wringing wet with perspiration, Wilson wandered among friends, dazed. "I'm numb," he said. "With joy, I'm a country boy. I don't deserve this." Minutes passed muggily in the heat, as if the pace of the race had slowed the tempo of life itself. Looking about for his 85-year-old mother, Wilson said, "Where's my mom? I can't go to the winner's circle without my mom." She was found. Corks exploded. Hands scratched heads. "I thought he'd run a little better," Campo said of Pleasant Colony. "Terrible! I can't explain it."

Barrera mopped his brow. "I got the Fat Man," he said. "I got the Fat Man."

Rivezo was waiting for Summing in the detention barn after the race when she ran into James Washington, an old friend who now grooms Pleasant Colony. "Where you been hiding him?" Washington asked.

"We ain't been hiding him," Rivezo said.

"Where did he come from?" Washington asked.

"From heaven, James," she said. **END**

Pleasant Colony's backers might have known it wasn't his day when he turned his back to the gate.



HOW'S THIS FOR A FEAT OF CLAY?

Fit as ever, Bjorn Borg hit pay dirt at the French **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

It's clear from the events in the French Open last week that Bjorn Borg will have to be boiled in oil, hung by the thumbs, pushed out of a speeding Concorde or even made to get his hair cut before anyone will ever again believe reports of his demise. In Paris the discipline, the will, the shotmaking, the impenetrability of the champion were once again on display. On Sunday Borg turned away the fierce challenge of the adventuresome and sometimes brilliant Ivan Lendl, who played him as nobody had in his five previous finals on the bronze clay of Roland Garros Stadium. The scores were 6-1, 4-6, 6-2, 3-6, 6-1 as Borg won Open No. 6, his fourth in a row.

Normally the Swede arrives in the City of Light as a conquering hero, but this time he came virtually out of hiding, having suffered a lost springtime. During a six-week stretch in March and April he had been beaten by John McEnroe, by somebody named Rolf Gehring and by Victor Pecci, who disposed of Borg on Bjorn's own home clay in Monte Carlo.

Before the tournament Borg said he had heard the questions about his health and motivation. He said he resented them. He said, "I am not going down." He said he was ready again to set out on the trail of the Grand Slam. Looking less and happy and hungry, he took the first leg despite a courageous stand by Lendl.

En route to his sixth title in Paris, Borg didn't drop a set until the finals, when Lendl took two



who twice could have folded in the championship round.

The young Czech, by now the world's second-best clay-court player, surrendered five straight games to lose the first set, but then he unloaded his slingshot forehand and squared the match at a set apiece. Borg, serving splendidly (he missed only nine first serves in the first and third sets), again ripped off a five-game series to take the third. And Lendl stormed back. The two had been exchanging blows practically from the boundaries of the nearby Bois de Boulogne for most of a long afternoon, avoiding the neutral territory around the net as if it were the Love Canal. But in the fourth set Borg ventured in behind some shallow forehands. Lendl passed, held for 4-3, broke Borg at 30 with a cross-court drive that found the Swede hesitant at net and closed out the set.

"In the fifth, anyone can win," Borg was to say later. "But I was ready to give everything, to stay out and rally and not take chances."

Sound familiar? Slowing the pace by changing up off the forehand and serve, Borg wore down a tired Lendl with consistency. In one three-game stretch there were five deuce points. Borg won them all. He won the games, too. When he raced from a far corner for a drop volley, which he somehow slid down the line for a winner to reach 4-0, Lendl was finally through and the answers about Borg were fairly obvious.

After his nearly two-month absence from competition, rumor fed upon speculation to create what amounted to a gossip mill on the fragrant, leafy grounds of Roland Garros. Borg had dislocated his shoulder. Borg had become lazy and apathetic. Borg wanted to quit the game and settle down with his wife, Marina, to start a family. Borg had become venereal—growing his fingernails long, buying in the moon and demanding that huge quantities of Baskin Robbins he struggled onto his private island by Scandinavian freight. All the usual stuff.

Having played only three tournaments since January and having failed to advance past the second round in two of those, Borg decided to rest his tender

right shoulder. When he arrived in Paris, he was skeptical about his form and acknowledged his lack of serious recent competition. But he had practiced diligently for two weeks, and he pronounced himself fit. "I feel strong. I can be out on the court for a long time if I have to," he said.

He didn't have to. Among the elements sparing the champion extended court time were the rain and the draw. The former, which interrupted matches for the better part of the tournament and converted the city's romantic, cobble alleys into tributaries of the Seine, mysteriously seemed to hold off whenever Borg played, as though reluctant to soil the masterpieces. At one point he was two rounds ahead of practically everyone else.

Then there was his draw. In the first

three rounds, Borg faced J. Loper-Maeso of Spain, C. Meola of Brazil and P.A. Torre of France, Nos. 87, 207 and 242, respectively, on your player computer. Hardly *Les Trois Mousquetaires* in your heart. Before Borg could figure out their first names, they were gone.

In the round of 16 he finally faced a "test" in Terry Moor from Memphis. Ranked 37th. An easy winner over a rejuvenated Ibe Nwase in the previous round. A quarterfinalist on the clay at Indianapolis and North Conway, N.H. last summer. A tough, plucky veteran. Moor had to have luck. Alternately groveling in the dust and fairly leaping to intercept Borg's topspin drives, Moor floundered his way to love-17 before Borg's groundies briefly went awry. When Moor at last clutched one cherished game, the pocked house continued.



Lendl may have gotten help from upstairs when he was down match point to Borg in the semifinals.

of Parisians rose en masse, waving hats and rewarding Moor with perhaps the grandest ovation he may experience in his career. "I felt like going down into Bjorn's Wimbledon on-his-knees drop," he said.

Moor had never played Borg before. He seemed stunned. "The man is on another level," Moor said after losing love, love and that noisy, glorious one. "Maybe it has something to do with who he is, but everything was so deep, so high. Other guys, once in a while they miss. I felt lost. The thing was he looked bored. I have no idea how people beat him. I don't see how they win games."

Meanwhile, the rest of the draw was opening up quite pleasantly for Borg. Adriano Panatta, who had a fine run at the Italian Open the previous week and is the only man to beat Borg in Paris (1973 and '76—mark it down: some sort of monument may be built), and Guilelmo Visas were defeated by two of France's own. Teen-ager Thierry Tulasne took Panatta in four sets, and Yannick Noah stopped Visas in a dramatic two-day match, 6-2, 6-3, 5-7, 6-4.

As for the seeded Americans, they

began leaving the tournament in droves: the minute evidence was revealed that Borg's retirement wasn't imminent. Eliot Teltscher, seeded 10th, Vitas Gerulaitis (ninth) and Harold Solomon (eighth) all exited in the first round. Gerulaitis refusing to relate his exploits in the mandatory media briefing. "I'd rather pay the fine than talk to the press," he announced. Ah! *La Dolce Vita*!

Brian Gottfried (12) and Eddie Dibbs (16) departed in the third round, as did Gene Mayer, the fourth seed. Mayer was down a set and 1-2 to Victor Pecci, who would fall to Borg in the semis, when he retired with a wrist injury. This was Mayer's third default at the French in five years. He seems more accessible to bodily harm than anyone since Chevy Chase, and his record in the major events is nothing to write home about even with a good wrist.

No U.S. player has won in France since Tony Trabert in 1955, and no U.S. player seems about to, either Jimmy Connors and John McEnroe may be 2-3 in the world, but not when they're playing on the irritating, slow and swirling clay of Paris with rocklike low-pressure balls. The low, flat trajectory of Connors' shots doesn't allow him the margin for error one needs in these brain-gangling, hour-upon-hour marathons. In such matches his aggression comes a cropper. The more facile McEnroe, blessed with marvelous touch on the lob and drop, seems to think patience, concentration and hard work are unnecessary. Neither man's temperament is suited to clay. Neither man knows how to slide properly. "The points just keep going on and on and it's so frustrating," McEnroe said. "I don't think that the most talented players necessarily win here."

Wrong.

McEnroe was more accurate when he described his performance in a 6-4, 6-4, 7-5 quarterfinal loss to Lendl as "a disgrace." The match began in a sprinkle under darkening skies, and by the second set McEnroe—wanting the court swept or play suspended—was politely screaming for the referee, the distinguished M. Jacques Dorfmann, thusly: "Hey, Dorfmann, get out here. Are you wait-

ing for me to break my leg?" When he wasn't bitching, Mac was hating his backhand and trying to be cute with some ill-considered grin. He stayed on the defensive as Lendl blasted away. The match was finally called in the third set, but even when play resumed the next day in warm sunshine and with good footing and McEnroe rallied for a 5-2 lead, he was kidding himself. Resembling a blind man attempting to fly a kite, McEnroe quickly lost the next five games. "I was too easy. I strolled, never pushed myself," he said. "I don't deserve to win this tournament."

Connors, also toiling amid flood conditions, was eliminated in similar fashion, although he deserved better. Connors doesn't hold leads the way he once did. This time he was up a set and a break on Jose-Luis Clerc, the 22-year-old winner of the Italian Open with the Valentino face, when Clerc produced a punent, elegant scream of winners that gave him a 6-5 lead in the fourth. Serving to save the set, Connors fell behind 15-30, but the Argentine's backhand return bounced deep. His next return landed in the same vicinity, but to Connors' everlasting horror, chair umpire Chou Lu announced "Deux balles," overruling the out call and ordering the point replayed.

"Four or five years ago I would have jerked the guy out of the chair," Connors said. Instead, flabbergasted, he jerked a forehand into the net, and then dropped the set when Clerc put away an overhead.

The match had consumed nearly five hours (including a 40-minute rain delay) and the court had become an orangey quagmire. Now the rain was heavier still. Umbrellas of every size and hue filled the stadium, creating a tableau worthy of Matisse. Then Connors ripped a nasty hole in this lovely, living canvas. Obviously still incensed over Lu's ruling, he stormed about the premises gesturing, cursing, shaking the umpire's chair and threatening to hit Lu with a ball.

In the process of losing control, Connors lost his stroke. Although most of the crowd of spectators were with him, Jimbo began hurling points and entire games to the wind. He staggered to the end, winning only eight points in the final set. The match concluded 4-6, 6-2, 4-6, 7-5, 6-0. "It's the first time that [raging, presumably] has worked against me," Connors said. "I

Conqueror of Evet Lloyd? Mandikova raycises after





The latest kid phenom, Rinaldi, 14, stomped two seeds.

should have gotten on with the match."

Clerc next waged a semifinal base-line brawl with Lendl, which might still be going on but for the fact that the gentleman from Buenos Aires failed on a match point in the fourth set and became exhausted in the fifth. Final score: 3-6, 6-4, 4-6, 7-6, 6-2.

The women also had a tournament at Roland Garros. To be sure, they play there annually, but seldom is there much suspense about the outcome when Chris Evert Lloyd shows up. She had won four times (1974, '75, '79, '80) in five tries, losing only to Margaret Court in the finals as a teen-ager in 1973. Last week Chris' hold on the French came to an end. Yet it is the essence of the new champion's potential that this French shall be remembered less for Evert Lloyd's departure than for Hana Mandlikova's coming out.

Since Betty Stove, the Dutch doubles star, became her coach at Roland Garros last year, Mandlikova, tall, lithe, 19, out of Prague by way of the Campbell Soup kids, has appeared in four Grand Slam events: Wimbledon—beaten in the 16s by Evonne Goolagong, the eventual champion, after leading 7-6, 3-1; the U.S. Open—beaten in the final by Evert Lloyd after winning the first set; the Australian Open—champion; the French Open—champion. In addition, she has won six other tour-

naments and defeated every top woman at least twice except Tracy "Owl-stin" (as Mandlikova calls her), who has been MIA for some time. Moreover, it has become common knowledge on the tour that when Mandlikova is cranking her bolo forehands to the corners and controlling the flow of play off the approach and volley, she's the best in the sport. With Goolagong at home nursing a newborn son, she is also the most delightful to watch.

Before facing Evert Lloyd in her penultimate moment, Mandlikova had to contend with the latest of the tennis tots, 14-year-old Kathy Rinaldi. The youngest player ever to compete in a Grand Slam event, she skipped her eighth-grade graduation exercises at St. Joseph's School in Stuart, Fla. to come to Paris, sneak around under the catacombs of the old stade with Andrea Jaeger and Clare (sis of Chris) Evert and upset both eighth-seeded Dianne Fromholtz and Anne Smith (No. 11).

After Mandlikova welcomed Rinaldi to the quarters with a 6-1, 6-3 thumping, the pony-tailed prodigy said she was impressed with the winner's "one-handed backhand," those being awfully rare these days. Even rarer was an Evert Lloyd defeat on clay, something that had occurred only once in—think about this—190 previous matches, or nearly eight years. In the semifinals Hammerin' Hanka, as Mandlikova has been nicknamed, attacked Evert Lloyd's second serve and hit out bravely on the big points. She won 7-5, 6-4, but it wasn't that close. At the end Mandlikova was yo-yoing her opponent side to side and even drop-shotting the Queen of Drops. "Hana has it all," said Evert Lloyd. "She has a lot of power. She moves well. She has got topspin and slice. She hit so many winners and played me perfectly. I started thinking that maybe it was Hana's time."

Which it was in the final against 21-year-old Sylvia Hanika of West Germany. Hanika, who's currently ranked eighth, is enjoying her best

year on the tour. She had upset Jaeger 6-4, 1-6, 6-4 in the semis, and in the finals was up 0-2 in the first set and 0-4 in the second, but on both occasions Mandlikova ran off six straight games. Mandlikova's sparkling effervescence off-court, where she appears much younger and softer sans her trademark headband, especially attracted the international press and led to some insouciant outbursts. When asked why she didn't play mixed doubles with her countryman Lendl, she said, "You must have fun in mixed. Ivan, you know, is not really fun."

True to reputation, the dour, unsmiling Lendl was no barrel of laughs on Sunday, but he played determined, sometimes supreme, tennis in the face of not only Borg but tennis history as well, the two having become as intertwined as sauté and lace. Borg's sixth French title makes it 11 Grand Slam singles championships, one more than Bill Tilden won, and ties him with Rod Laver for second on the alltime list. The leader is Roy Emerson with 12. That's right, Borg has one major championship to go. And Wimbledon is coming up fast. **END**

Breiving Hanika down to earth in the title match.





Cameron became the seventh-fastest 400 runner ever (in 44.58) as he led off UTEP's final-day charge

ANOTHER MAJOR FOR UTEP'S MINERS

As the 100-meter-dash finalists went to the blocks in LSU's palpably humid Bernie Moore Stadium last Friday night, it was obvious that the 1981 NCAA Outdoor Track & Field Championships had, in no time at all, really cranked up. On this, the first night of finals, perennial team champion Texas-El Paso already had fallen an alarming 31 points behind Southern Methodist and faced the possibility of finishing third in the five-day meet (the first two days are devoted solely to the decathlon) behind SMU and either Arizona State or Tennessee. Olympic decathlete Tito Steiner of Brigham Young and Argentina had broken his own collegiate record by scoring 8,279 points, and a superb field of 400-meter runners had sifted itself out in the heats preceding what promised to be an exciting final the next evening. And within the hour, UTEP's Suleiman Nyambui, an eight-time NCAA track champion, would be running the first half of a 10,000-5,000 double that, if he were successful in either race, would enable him to surpass Jesse Owens and Gerry Landgren for total NCAA track and field titles.

And then there was Houston's remarkable Carl Lewis, now lining up in Lane 6. Lewis, who was bidding to become the first since Owens to win both a track and a field event at the NCAA outdoor meet, had already finished first in two 100-meter heats and with a 27 3/4" leap—made indoors because of rain—had taken his second straight outdoor long-jump title. He had so dominated the event that, despite passing up six of nine possible attempts, he had the three best jumps of the meet and had won by more than a foot. Lewis might have leaped even farther, but as his father, Bill, who had been up all Thursday night before traveling from Willingboro, N.J. to Baton Rouge,

Carl Lewis of Houston won a historic double, but the El Paso onslaught won a third straight NCAA outdoor team title

by CRAIG NEFF

pointed out, "There's just no more pit."

Bell's wife, Evelyn, was more concerned about the 100. "The long jump is natural to Carl," she said. "Those sprinters are much . . . closer to him." She wasn't referring to the fact that Mel Lattany of Georgia, the runner two lanes to Carl's left, had spent part of Friday afternoon with her son studying the Bible. Rather, it was that Lattany had a 10.04 to his credit this spring, only .04 off Lewis' personal best, and had looked particularly strong in the heats.

Succored between Lattany and Lewis was another threat—Tennessee's massive 6' 2", 205 pounds Jeff Phillips, who everyone thought was a white football player, but, in fact, is neither. Phillips, seemingly the only Vol runner not on the school's football team, invariably is asked at meets, by some irreverent soul, how a white sprinter can be so fast; to which he patiently answers that his mother is white, but his father is black. Two of his siblings share his straight hair and fair complexion, while the other four are curly-haired and dark-skinned. "I've never considered it a problem," he says. Then, grinning, he reveals, "Reggie Towns, our hurdler, has nicknamed me 'Checkerboard.'" On the track, Phillips had beaten Lewis in 10.1 at a dual meet in March, and had run the fastest semifinal time of the NCAA meet, 10.11.

With the gun, Lattany shot out to a half-meter lead over Lewis, and fell into

his distinctive sprinting style: head jerking forward and back like a time-lapse film study of a turtle poking in and out of his shell. "I knew he'd won," said Lewis later, speaking of Lattany's early lead. "It just seemed too much." But by 50 meters, Lewis and Phillips had drawn even with Lattany. Both had gone past Henschel Walker in such a whir that they caused the Georgia tailback to lose his form and eventually finish seventh (in 10.30) in the

nine-man field. "They went by, but they didn't get lost," he said later.

Into the last five meters, Phillips and Lewis were still side by side, by now clear of Lattany. But just as he had done two weeks earlier at the Tom Black Classic in Knoxville, Lewis caught the tape first, on a better lean. Immediately, his arms shot up in jubilation—at the victory, and at what he knew would be an extraordinary time. "I felt strained in

continued



In the 10,000, Salazar (right) wasn't included in the conversation between Mujahid and double winner Nyembai (left)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDY HART

Lewis (No. 415) matched the double of Jesse Owens when he ripped Phillips (229) and Lattany (45) in the 100 final

the last five meters," Lewis said. "I'd never felt that before."

The times confirmed it: Lattany third in 10.06, Phillips second, in 10.00, and Lewis, the winner, in 9.99—.04 off Jim Hines' 1968 world record of 9.95. But the wind, which in May had deprived Lewis of recognition for the second-best long jump ever, 28' 3 3/4", had been 2.54 meters per second, .54 above the legal limit. Again an exceptional performance by Lewis would be disallowed for record purposes.

Not that Lewis seemed disturbed by the news. "Winning that 100 was probably the biggest thrill of my life," he said, though with Houston a nascent national power in track and field, Lewis next year may find himself with an even more rewarding challenge: scoring points in the 100, 200, long jump and 400 relay to help the Cougars win the team title. In Baton Rouge, had Lewis been his own team, his two firsts, worth 20 points, would have ranked him seventh in the team standings.

As always, the favorite team going into this year's NCAA meet was Coach Ted Banks' UTEP Miners, winners of 14 of



Carter powdered the opposition on a wet day

the last 23 NCAA track and cross-country titles. But for once the African-dominated team looked vulnerable—as well as venerable, with many of its foreign-born athletes in their mid-20s. Banks' own premeet dopesheet forecast a blanket finish: UTEP 63, Southern Methodist 62 and Arizona State 60. The way ASU Coach Len Miller had it figured, his sprinter-rich squad would defeat the Miners 68-66, with SMU third at 63. "But what UTEP has is potential," said Miller. "They could score 90."

In Friday's 10,000, the Miners cashed in some of that potential, taking first, second, third and fifth to swoop to within five points of SMU. Banks had said that his team needed at least 35 points in the distance events; with only the 10,000 run, it already had 26.

To no one's surprise, the winner of that race was Nyambui, an Olympic silver medalist from Tanzania, who seemed less concerned about team points than about having some fun. Midway through the 10,000, after a brief chat in Swahili with teammate Mike Musyoki, he addressed New York Marathon winner Alberto Salazar, who was struggling noticeably to keep up with them. "Excuse us, Salazar," he said. "Don't worry. We are not talking about you." When he arrived at the press tent after the race, Nyambui found reporters clustered around bare-chested

Gidamis Shabanga, the fifth-place finisher. "Why are you interviewing this man without any clothes on?" he demanded. "I see many American movies, and they always show people in Africa without clothes. Now you talk to this man. Why?"

Actually, considering the weather in Baton Rouge, the people with the least clothes were the most sensible. Evening temperatures hovered around 80°, and the humidity never was less than 72%. Salazar, who finished fourth, collapsed from heat exhaustion after the 10,000, even though he had frequently added 20 minutes of sauna-sitting to his training during the spring in anticipation of the climate in Baton Rouge. Other athletes had also tried to prepare for the suffocating conditions. UCLA's Andre Phillips, who won the 400-meter hurdles, had taken to riding an exercise bicycle inside a sauna. Runners from several other schools had performed their workouts in rubberized sweat suits. And both the UTEP and Arizona State squads had intentionally practiced during the heat of the day. Someone at ASU had even invented a special drink—a mixture of bananas and apple juice—to replenish body salts and minerals. "It doesn't have a name yet," said Miller, "but if we do as well as we hope, it's sure going to push up banana sales."

The dampness, which occasionally turned to wetness (the National Weather Service in Baton Rouge measured .58 inches of rain on Friday and Saturday, but several athletes measured that much in their shoes following the worst of the storms on Saturday) made for some unusual performances, too. Winning hammer thrower Richard Olsen of SMU (237') suffered from the dread "slippery glove syndrome" and caromed his first four attempts off the hammer cage. Teammate Michael Carter won the shotput (68' 10 3/4") despite the bane of his event: a slippery neck. Though he solved that problem by loading up with chalk under the chin, the 6' 2", 265-pound Carter said the humidity still made him feel "very heavy."

Going into Saturday's 14 finals, Olsen, Carter and the rest of the SMU contingent were hoping to avoid any further shippage of their 32-27 lead over UTEP. Mustang Coach Ted McLaughlin, a steady-eyed Rhode Islander who was an assistant at El Paso from 1975 to 1979, had brought perhaps the only type



Merere closed out his college career with a 3:35.30 1,500

continued



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of team that could upset the Miners—one of Banksian design (with a full share of foreigners, though its strength is more in field events than distance running). Thus, the Mustangs were arousing the sort of jingoistic passions normally generated only by Banks' teams. "Last year there was no way we could compete with UTEP," said UCLA Coach Jim Bush, dean of the track-and-field xenophobes. "Now we can't compete with SMU. All that's left is third."

Although his Villanova team was well out of the point race, senior Sydney Maree celebrated his final race for the Wildcats by winning the 1,500 in 3:35.30. It was a personal best for Maree, and a very personal achievement; for the final lap and a half no one was within 10 yards of him. "I talked to some of the guys before the beginning of the race and told them I was going to take it out fast," said Maree, whose first two splits were :57 and 1:55. "It would have been to my advantage for someone to come with me and push me, but no one came."

For a brief while on Saturday it looked as if SMU wouldn't be pushing UTEP, either. Texas-El Paso picked up 10 points in a blazing 400-meter final contested by a lineup that included, among others, 1979 World Cup champion Kash-eef Hassan of the Sudan and Oregon State, and U.S. Olympian Walter McCoy of Florida State. The winner, UTEP sophomore Bert Cameron of Jamaica, who might well have won the 1980 Olympic 400 title if he hadn't pulled a hamstring three weeks before the Games, finished in 44.58, making him the seventh-fastest 400 runner in history. But then Sammy Koskei of Kenya, SMU's top runner and considered the meet's closest, this side of Nyambui, to a track sure win, breezed to an 800-meter win as expected. The two points won by UTEP's Peter Lemushon in the race had been less predictable.

Nyambui and Musyoki kept the Miners on a roll by going 1-3 in the 5,000. For Nyambui, it was his second straight 5,000-10,000 outdoor double; only Washington State's Lindgren had ever managed the distance double twice, and he did it three times between 1966 and '68. Instead of 35 distance-race points, Banks' Miners had gotten 42.

Five more points, from freshman high jumper Milt Otney of Toronto, gave UTEP a 60-42 lead with only three events to be decided: the 1,600-meter re-

lay, the discus and the triple jump. If all went perfectly for SMU, the Mustangs would add 29 points to their total and El Paso just eight, yielding a 71-68 final and a new NCAA champion. Otherwise, forget it.

When Mike Carter threw the discus 203' 3"—nearly six feet farther than he ever had before—and teammate Robert Weir produced a 194' 6" toss, Southern Methodist chalked up second- and sixth-place finishes in the event, good for nine points: UTEP 60, SMU 51—and with the 4x400 relay, which would include Koskei, coming up next, the Mustangs seemed poised to pull off the upset.

All at once, however, the dream ended for McLaughlin's squad. The Mustangs were in fifth place in the relay when Koskei took the baton for the third leg. Then, at the end of the backstretch, Koskei suddenly straightened up and left the track with an apparent hamstring pull.

The triple jump wound up with an ironic twist. UTEP's Steve Hanna, who had figured to finish second at best, won the competition with a leap of 55' 11", while the favorite, British Olympian Keith Connor of Scotland, had done only 54' 6½" for third place. This is the same Keith Connor who spent his first 1½ college years at the University of Texas at El Paso.

Hanna, from Nassau in the Bahamas, met up with 400-meter champion Cameron just outside the track and slapped hands with him. "Roommate, we did it!" cried Hanna, who later explained that he had been inspired to jump well by a TV preview of the Belmont Stakes he had seen Saturday afternoon. "It was like the NCAA championships," he said. "They gave each horse a little introduction, and then they focused on the champion."

Though Banks had his 15th NCAA and third consecutive outdoor championship, he was wrung out. Aside from the challenge from Southern Methodist, he had been keeping an eye on Tennessee, whose sprint-hurdle-relay strength ultimately gave the Vols 50 points and third place behind the Miners (70 points) and SMU (57). Even the flight in from Texas on Wednesday had given the Miners a scare when an engine developed oil problems.

"Each year is different," said the hog-gard Banks. "Different ups, different downs, different joys." And next year? "Please," he said, "let us savor this one for a few days."

END

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SPRAY 'EM, PLAY 'EM



Getting an injured athlete back on his feet in a hurry, within reason, is the essence of Dr. Hans Kraus' technique

by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON



There is an aura of energy about the man. He is small (about 5' 3") and he is old by most standards—he will turn 76 this year. Yet the impression he gives is one of size and spunk, exuberance, confidence, great physical strength, high-voltage enthusiasm, bursting vitality.

This is Hans Kraus, the Austrian-born physician, skier, mountaineer, rock climber and proponent of physical fitness. He has been a leading practitioner of sports medicine since the 1930s, when an athlete with a badly sprained ankle would commonly find himself clapped into a heavy plaster cast and sentenced to a month of immobility. That would be followed by another eight weeks of slow, painful reconditioning therapy before he could expect to get around normally again. In the intervening decades, Kraus has devised techniques for treating such serious injuries that often have an athlete back playing his game within days.

Kraus was an advocate—an evangelist—of physical fitness long before the U.S. embarked on its fitness binge. He shocked one President (Eisenhower) in 1955 with a study demonstrating that American children were weaklings compared with the kids of Europe, and he was a White House hold name in the early 1960s when he treated another President (Kennedy) for a debilitating and excruciatingly painful chronic back condition. Kraus became famous as "The Back Doctor" after *Backache, Stress and Tension* became a popular book in 1965. He could become even more widely known after his *Sports Injuries* (Playboy Press, \$11.95) is published next month. A friend suggested recently that the new book may be a self-help text of such vast appeal that it will become a kind of "Spock for Jocks." Kraus vehemently disagrees—not because he resists the idea of multimillions in sales, but because he disapproves of some of Dr. Benjamin Spock's permissive child-rearing theories.

It is not only Spock who elicits Kraus' criticism. For example, Kraus says, "The average coach knows more than many men in the medical profession about truly efficient reconditioning of sports injuries. Always I have learned more

continued

In a demonstration, Kraus shows how he uses etilal chloride to numb an injured area after which rehabilitation can begin

PHOTOGRAPH BY LANE STEWART



A stroll up the Shawangunk rugged mountains that the 75-year-old Kraus has climbed for 40 years.

from coaches than from surgeons about this area of medicine." Although Kraus is revered by many of his colleagues, he decries them for ignoring—or avoiding—one vitally important area of orthopedic treatment. "The human muscular system is a wide blank field in medicine in general," he says. "It is poorly taught in medical schools. People specializing in or-

thopedic medicine just aren't interested in muscles. That's because the big breakthroughs in the field have focused on surgery. There have been tremendous things done in traumatic surgery, but that doesn't mean that surgery should be applied to everything. Exercise as a treatment has been given little but lip service."

Unlike many other physicians, Kraus

considers early, properly executed exercise to be effective for the treatment of most orthopedic injuries. "I learned as a young man that immobilization isn't necessary to healing," he says. "Ever since then I have been an enemy of immobilization and bed rest. I have seen too many patients who were sent to bed healthy and got up sick. Almost every injury heals quicker and better with movement."

Not all experts agree with Kraus, among them Dr. James A. Nicholas of New York, the founder of the Institute of Sports Medicine, who has known him for decades. "He's a wonderful man, thoroughly reputable and, certainly, in the area of physical fitness, he was a pioneer," Nicholas says. "He laid the basis for the United States' great interest in fitness. He was the major influence in arranging a transition between Old World and New World views. He was a pioneering advocate in America of the European approach to physical conditioning as a major force in sports medicine. The emphasis was on non-surgical, manipulative programs based on scientific methods. However, when he implies that we depend too much on surgery, he is wrong. He is expressing a view that had some validity before 1950. But there has been an explosion in the field of sports medicine in recent years, and with it there have been tremendous surgical advances. The implication of what he is saying is that he is not aware of some of the great changes that have occurred in the field."

But Dr. Willi Nagler, professor and chairman of the department of physical medicine and rehabilitation at New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, an old friend of Kraus', brooks no criticism of the doctor. "Dr. Kraus may be a controversial figure to people who are very orthodox in their practice of orthopedic medicine," he says. "I don't think that he has fallen behind in his understanding and recognition of new developments in the field. His philosophy is that there is never any need to rush into surgery, that it should be done pretty much as a last resort after optimum benefits have been derived from other forms of treatment and therapy."

Kraus, whose offices are on Manhattan's East Side, has treated high-powered celebrities over the years, including Arthur Godfrey, Lowell Thomas and Katharine Hepburn. He also treats "doormen

and cleaning ladies, bellhops and cab drivers, if they need me." Kraus' longtime rock-climbing friend, New York attorney James P. McCarthy, recalls a day in the 1950s when the doctor's calendar of appointments indicated that one "Mrs. A. Khan" was waiting in his office. McCarthy says, "It turned out to be Mrs. Ali Khan, who was then Rita Hayworth. But Hans never went to the movies in those days, and I'm not sure he knew whom he had treated until someone told him later."

Kraus' patients have also included thousands of athletes, most of them of the recreational, weekend variety. The best-known sports figure was probably skier Billy Kidd. After Kidd won America's first gold medal in the FIS world championships, in 1970, he appeared on the cover of *Life* and presented Kraus with an autographed copy of the magazine with the inscription "Thanks for putting me here."

Despite his expertise in sports medicine, Kraus has never been a physician for a major league team in the U.S. "I think that being a team doctor involves an automatic conflict of interest," he says. "What is good for the team isn't necessarily good for the athlete. You want to make him well, but the coach wants him back playing—and the athlete himself might want himself back playing—when he should not do it."

Kraus has always viewed mass spectator sports with disdain, convinced that they lead millions to spend their lives in a state of inactivity. His preference is for individual participation sports—the more demanding and dangerous, the better. Indeed, it was his own involvement in mountain climbing and a nightmarish accident he had as a 16-year-old daredevil in the Alps that gave Kraus the impetus for a career in medicine.

"I was always crazy about sports and did everything under the sun," he says. "My main sport when I was 13 or 14 came to be rock climbing. My friends and I knew nothing and we had no equipment worthy of the name, and yet, for some reason, I didn't get killed doing it. By the time I was 16, I was actually leading climbs. I took a friend of mine up a 12,000-foot mountain one day. We were putting up a first ascent on the face, and before the first ridge my friend fell. We had no pitons. We had no equipment. It was an unpardonable thing. I tried to

hold the rope to keep him from falling. I had gripped the rope as tight as I could, but, of course, I couldn't stop him. The rope ripped and burned through my hands as he fell. My palms and fingers were denuded of their skin. They were stripped to the fascia. In some places the tendons showed.

"I climbed down to where he lay. He was still warm, but there was no heartbeat, there was no breathing. He had been killed. It was the first time I had seen a dead person and it changed me forever. I could do nothing for him. I continued on down toward the hut where other friends would be. It was a terrible trip. I fell into a crevasse, and I saved myself from dropping deep into the glacier only because I spread my arms to bridge the chasm.

"My hands were in terrible shape, bleeding heavily and growing stiffer. The local doctor said I should be very happy to be alive, that I was incredibly lucky, but he also said I would never be able to move my fingers again. He predicted I would be equipped with stiffened claws because of what the rope had done to my hands. He bound them in bandages and said that was all that could be done.

However, I began to soak my hands in hot water twice a day—each time I changed the bandages. And as I soaked them, I moved the fingers. Slowly at first, painfully, they moved. But they did move. I kept it up. By some instinct, the idea of movement instead of immobilization worked for me. My hands were never quite perfect again, but I could move my fingers very well and I became adept at surgery. And, of course, I have climbed for all of my life, which requires strong and limber fingers."

Once he recovered the use of his hands, Kraus found that his life had changed. "My father was in the shipping business and had expected me to do the same," he says. "I had, too. But after seeing the death of my friend, I decided that a life spent just working for money was wrong. I told my father that I had decided to study medicine. He wasn't pleased. He said, 'Do it on your own. I won't help you.' Out of sheer stubbornness, I went ahead on my own. I went to night school for 10 months and I worked during the day, and I took 18 examinations and on all of them I got A's. It was then that my father relented and helped me to go to medical school." *continued*



With his wife, Madi, a 1958 U.S. ski team member, the energetic Kraus enjoys a moment of repose

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Kraus was born in 1905 in Trieste, then part of Austria-Hungary, where the family's tutor in English and Italian was an impoverished writer named James Joyce. When World War I broke out, the Kraus family moved to Zurich—and so did Joyce. Once again he was hired to tutor the Kraus children. "He was fascinating, a fine teacher, although he would surely turn around in his grave if he heard me speak now," says Kraus in his strong Austrian accent. "When we knew him, he was gathering material for *Ulysses* in a notebook, writing down things that he saw, a trolley car rolling past, a man crossing his legs, vignettes of many things. He once said to me that writing prose is like composing music. I was only a boy and I said to him, 'How can that be?' You can't make chords with prose. How is it like music?" And he said, "Supposing in Chapter 1 you have a man with a kidney disease, and then in Chapter 3 you have that man eating a kidney, and then in Chapter 6 that same man is kicked in his kidney—that, my boy, is how you make a chord with writing. I was 11 or 12, and I understood that very well. Joyce was a terrific teacher. Sessions with him were very unstructured, and very beautiful. I loved the hours with him."

After medical school at the University of Vienna, Kraus was a resident intern for a short time until he was put in charge of fracture emergencies in the surgical department of the university hospital. He dealt with sprains (from ligaments) and strains (from muscles) as well as fractures. Everything was treated by immobilizing it—using soft wraps for minor strains, splints or plaster casts for more severe injuries. In the case of a sprained knee, it was common to encase most of the leg in a plaster tube. "Today people ask, 'When can I play my sport again?'" Kraus says. "In those days, athletes would ask, 'Can I ever play again?' Often an injury with weeks of debilitating immobilization, meant a man's career was over. We knew of no other choice of treatment in those days."

An old friend changed all that. He was Heinz Kowalski, who had been raised in a family of circus acrobats and who had become a highly regarded coach—in-

deed, he was president of the Austrian Sports Teachers Association—as well as the owner of a gymnasium where Kraus, a recreational boxer and judo practitioner, often worked out. Kraus recalls, "One day it occurred to me that although Kowalski sent many injured patients to me at the hospital, he had never sent anyone with a strain or any ligament injuries. 'Why don't you send me them?' I asked him. He said, 'No, you would only put them in plaster or in splints. You doctors don't know what you are doing.'"

"I pursued this, telling him that we doctors believed that the only way to heal

could begin to move the limb. This treatment would be undergone several times a day, and usually, after a day or two, the injured performer would be back at full strength and mobility."

"I was fascinated by this," says Kraus. "It almost fell into the area of folk medicine, yet it made a lot of sense, and I resolved to try it as soon as I could. "A short time later, two sailors were admitted to the hospital, each with a badly sprained ankle. Kraus told them about the Kowalski treatment, and they insisted he experiment with it on them. The result was amazing. "In only three days they had full range of their ankles and they were back skating soon."

But the application of alcohol compresses—clouds of steam was cumbersome, and Kraus began to experiment with other, more efficient, chemicals—mixtures of ether and acetone with alcohol, for example—to produce numbness. At last he hit upon ethyl chloride, which had long been used by physicians as a local skin anesthetic to reduce pain when lining boots and making small incisions. The numbness is produced by freezing the skin; indeed, the use of too much ethyl chloride results in frostbite.

The first patient Kraus treated was a veterinarian with two calves who came limping in on an excruciatingly painful sprained ankle. Kraus sprayed ethyl chloride on the ankle; then had the vet move it. The pain ebbed. Kraus sprayed the ankle again, then had his patient exercise further until he said he felt reasonably comfortable. The veterinarian returned three times in the next week for treatment, and declared that his ankle felt fine. Kraus released him, telling him to come back in a month for a checkup. When the vet returned, the ankle was in perfect shape and the man was beaming. "You've got a good thing," he told Kraus. "You know, I've started using it on horses and dogs. I shave the sprained leg and spray it with ethyl chloride. It works exceptionally well—almost all the animals run off after the treatment."

Kraus immediately began treating other patients with ethyl chloride. "I tried it on everything from appendicitis to concussion," he says with a chuckle. In



Hans Kraus, DVM, in his youth (top left)

such injuries was a long rest, 1000 minimum. But he reminded me that he learned from a circus family, and that if a circus performer suffered a strain or a sprain, he would be out of work. If he didn't perform, he didn't eat, so there was no practical way to use immobilization."

Kowalski then told Kraus that in the circus, injured performers used a technique that kept them working despite the most severe sprains or strains. They would soak a towel in alcohol, wrap it around the injured area, then expose the towel to a steady cloud of live steam. This would produce a kind of numbness in the painful area and the performer

continued

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1932, he gave a paper on the use of ethyl chloride spray before the Academy of Physicians in Vienna. "I was just a young kid," he recalls. "They could have laughed me out of town, but they were very understanding." A correspondent for the American Medical Association heard the presentation, and an abstract of Kraus' paper was later printed in the *AMA's Journal*. And Kraus was assigned to teach on the use of ethyl chloride and early exercise in injury treatment at the Vienna Medical School.

Eventually, Kraus coined the acronym MECE to describe his treatment, in contrast to the more commonly used technique he calls RICE. "I can't name a dozen doctors using my treatment," he says. "Most people will use the RICE treatment, which stands for 'rest, ice, compression and elevation.' MECE stands for 'movement, ethyl chloride and elevation.'"

There are, of course, limitations to MECE therapy. "Obviously you can't treat a major ligament tear or a fracture requiring immobilization with ethyl chloride spray," Kraus says. "On the other hand, you don't have to worry about using it, because it's self-limiting and will cause no trouble; it will remove pain from strains and sprains so you can move them, but not from major ligament tears or major fractures. Thus, there is no danger from excessive movement that would worsen the injury, such as might occur if novocaine is used as the pain-numbing agent." However, Kraus warns that people must not try the treatment on themselves without first consulting a doctor.

When Kraus describes the way his MECE treatment works, it sounds like little short of miraculous: "Let's say you're a jogger who has a sprained knee and you have come to me for treatment. I first find out where your pain is most severe. If it is in the medial collateral ligament of the knee, I spray the area with ethyl chloride, and then have you bend and extend the knee two or three times. If you still have pain, I'll ask you to show me where. The pain usually shifts from the more acutely damaged area to a less damaged area, because limitation of motion has concealed it until now. The idea is to follow the pain with the spray. I then spray this area, and have you bend and extend the knee several times, rest briefly, then move the knee again. If there is no pain, you walk out. Of course, we must

find the true cause of the injury, but a minor sprain will respond to ethyl chloride spray and gentle exercise of the affected part with immediate recovery."

No one knows precisely why ethyl chloride, a surface anesthetic, produces such a deep beneficial effect. One theory is that pain originating in one area of the sensory motor chain leads through a series of links to reflex muscle spasms and the involuntary locking of joints, and that the elimination of pain at any point in the chain breaks the entire linkage of pain, relaxing the affected muscles and joints. Now ethyl chloride spray breaks the pain chain when combined with motion isn't precisely known, either, but, as Kraus says, "the important thing is, it does."

Once MECE became known, Kraus was overrun with patients, many of them athletes. From 1931 to 1938, he served as official surgeon to the Austrian Sports Teachers Association and to several Austrian Olympic teams. He became an expounder of therapeutic exercise and of physical fitness as a cultural boon whose benefits could extend far beyond elite athletes. "As an intern, I had gotten a diploma as an exercise teacher," Kraus says. "I helped train the Austrian Olympic hockey team and many skaters; Vienna was the capital of ice skating then. We discovered that you had to be in very good shape to compete in athletics. We also learned that systematic exercise was necessary to good health in general. Vienna was the center of this fitness movement many, many years ago. It has only recently dawned in the United States."

Nonetheless, Kraus revised and widened his concepts of orthopedics because of American influences, most notably that of a U.S. runner and coach named Harold Anson Bruce, who had been hired as a track and field coach by the Austrian Olympic Committee. "Harold Bruce introduced me to the world of track and to many forms of treatment for sports injuries," says Kraus. "When I came to America, he was the man who put me in touch with sports people whom I treated and made friends with."

Kraus first visited the U.S. in 1934, spending much of his time studying the techniques used to treat fractures at Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center in New York City. "I was enormously impressed," he says. "These Americans were so far ahead of us in their surgical

practices. I was bowled over by their brilliance. I decided then that I would come to America and get more involved."

He returned to Austria in the mid-'30s, and then departed permanently in 1938 after the Anschluss. He served for many years on the staff of Columbia-Presbyterian and has also been affiliated with two other New York City hospitals, Bellevue and Metropolitan. And he has been an associate professor of physical medicine and rehabilitation at New York University's College of Medicine.

In the early 1940s, Kraus and a colleague at the Posture Clinic at Columbia-Presbyterian, Dr. Sonja Weber, designed a set of minimum-fitness tests to measure the muscular strength and flexibility of those visiting the clinic. This was the famed Kraus-Weber test, six simple exercises that were designed, as Kraus explains, "to determine only the minimum levels of muscular fitness, not the optimum levels. The tests determine whether or not the individual has sufficient strength and flexibility in the parts of his body upon which demands are made in normal daily living." The original tests involved 4,264 American children, who were compared with 2,870 kids tested in Austria, Italy and Switzerland. The findings were devastating: No less than 57.9% of the American youngsters failed one or more of the tests, while only 8.7% of the Europeans did so. A total of 44.3% of the U.S. kids failed the flexibility test, compared with 7.8% of the Europeans, and 35.7% of the Americans flunked one or more of the five strength tests, as opposed to a mere 1.1% of the Europeans.

There was almost no official interest in such tests in those days, and Kraus spent thousands of dollars of his own money to underwrite the study. But after the results were revealed to the President in 1955, an alarmed Ike established the President's Council on Youth (now the Council on Physical Fitness and Sports), which successfully focused attention on the fact that this health-conscious nation was, in fact, producing a generation of weaklings. As Kraus said at a White House luncheon back then: "We're paying the price of progress. The older generation was tougher because it had to undergo adequate physical activity in the normal routine of living. We have no wish to change the standard of

continued

living by trying to do away with the automobile and television. But we must make sure that we make up for this loss of physical activity. In other words, let's take the sting out of the benefits."

Fittingly, last year Kraus was given the Distinguished Service Award of the President's Council. Yet, despite the fact that more than a quarter of a century has passed since the first report stunned President Eisenhower, Kraus is still banging the same drum, insisting that the level of U.S. fitness may not be high enough to meet the demands of normal life in the 1980s—particularly, normal life among Americans who want to participate in sports on a regular basis.

In his new book, Kraus presents another series of very simple (one critic calls them simplistic) tests, designed to measure muscular strength and flexibility, plus the likelihood of injury in athletic activity. Kraus writes ominously, "If you fail even one of them, you're a prime candidate for injury. What do you do then? Instead of playing sports, start the conditioning program indicated for each test. . . . [Then, when you are able to pass all seven tests,] you can start to play sports. If by chance you can't pass those tests but have been playing sports without injury, don't think I'm wrong calling you a candidate for injury. You're playing on borrowed time, and you're likely to end up in the doctor's office."

Kraus' prescriptions and theories in this book deal almost exclusively with muscles. He composes a veritable symphony of fitness when he writes, "Your muscles allow you to move and express your thoughts. Your use of your muscles affects your metabolism. . . . An athlete in training can consume up to 6,000 calories a day without gaining weight. Vigorous exercise relaxes both your muscles and your mind. Fifteen minutes of exercise that causes the heart to beat 100 to 120 times a minute has been shown to have measurably greater tranquilizing effect than 400 milligrams of meprobamate, the generic name for Miltown and Equanil. . . ."

Kraus warns that the muscles are easily—and adversely—affected by the frustrations and (perhaps worst of all) the mechanization of modern life. "As a result of the constant assault of irritations and the inability to work them off in the course of daily living," Kraus writes,

"many people lead the lives of caged animals. Their muscles become more and more stiff and tight because they don't work off the accumulated tension."

Kraus categorizes four different kinds of pain that occur in muscles. "If you appreciate the difference," he says, "you can treat the pain appropriately. I cannot stress this enough because muscle pain is often baffling to both athlete and physician." (Dr. Nagler, for instance, points out that 80% to 90% of all back problems are not caused by any pathology, but are of muscular origin.)

The four kinds of muscular pain defined by Kraus are:

1) *Pain from muscle spasm.* This follows a severe strain or sprain, or a fracture. A spasm of the muscle triggers a vicious chain of pain and contraction, pain and contraction, which can continue for days. The chain can be broken by ethyl chloride spray, ice massage or, when dealing with a spasm in the back, a hot pack. Then the muscle can be exercised with a gentle limbering motion. Oral pain-killers or tranquilizers do very little to relieve the pain of muscle spasms.

2) *Pain from muscle tension.* This occurs when a muscle remains contracted beyond the momentary need to perform a task. This sets up a constant, nagging pain, often in the neck, back or head. A so-called "tension headache" is an example of this type of pain. Tranquilizers alleviate it, but to avoid long-term use of tranquilizers, exercise of the muscles involved must be performed.

3) *Pain from muscle deficiency.* Weak or stiff muscles cause this by not carrying their load. For example, weak abdominal muscles often cause pain in the lower back muscles. Or an athlete with a stiff or weak quadriceps muscle may experience intense knee pain. This kind of pain can be dealt with only through therapeutic exercises designed specifically to correct the deficiency involved.

4) *Pain from triggerpoints.* For the layman-athlete this could be the most significant revelation in Kraus' book. "The most neglected of all causes of muscle pain, triggerpoints are small hard nodules in muscle that literally trigger pain and spasm," he writes. "They have been biopsied and shown to be areas of degenerated muscle tissue." This phenomenon has been known since the late 19th century. Max Lange, a German orthopedic surgeon, did the classic work de-

scribing the distribution, origin and pathology of triggerpoints in 1931, and many researchers have since studied them. Yet, Kraus says, "Most physicians are completely unaware of the existence of triggerpoints and their significance."

The commonest cause of tennis elbow, according to Kraus, is triggerpoints that develop from the repeated shocks to forearm muscles caused by a faulty racket swing. Because triggerpoints usually occur at a point where a muscle is attached to a tendon or a bone, they are also probably to blame for a majority of sore arms and shoulders suffered by baseball pitchers. Kraus believes, "Runner's knee is frequently caused by triggerpoints, as are various pains in the neck, calves, back and the occipital region of the head. In fact, President Kennedy's back problem was caused in part by triggerpoints."

Nevertheless, says Kraus, triggerpoint therapy has been slow gaining acceptance. Says Kraus, "Back in 1931 when Lange published his book on the subject, he predicted that 20 years would pass before the medical profession recognized their significance. He was an optimist. Even today few standard medical works discuss them." Kraus points out that *Taber's Cyclopedic Medical Dictionary*, 12th edition, 1970, a standard reference book, doesn't mention triggerpoints. There is, however, an entry in *Taber's*, defining tennis elbow as "an obscure, insidious, distressing complaint," for which treatment is as follows: "In mild cases, immobilization by a splint or adhesive strapping, supplemented by heat or diathermy. In long continued cases, surgical intervention may be indicated."

Dr. Nagler doesn't share Kraus' pessimism about the progress of triggerpoint therapy. "I would not agree with him that few doctors are using it," he says. "I would say triggerpoints have widespread acceptance. One reason the treatment isn't practiced more is that it's a lot of work for the physician. It's easier to send the patient to X-ray and other labs than to search for triggerpoints."

The treatment of triggerpoints involves a relatively simple, though tedious and, for the patient, uncomfortable, technique—something Kraus calls "mechanical destruction." Once the triggerpoint is located through methodical manual probing by the physician—followed at each successful probe by the patient's wincing—it can then be destroyed

continued

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through injection and needling with a hypodermic syringe filled with lidocaine, an anesthetic. (Should a patient be sensitive to lidocaine, then a saline solution matching the salt content of the blood is substituted.) The needle is moved in a circle, as the sore spots are touched, lidocaine is injected. The combination of needling and injection eventually breaks up the triggerpoint. Three to four days after the injection, Kraus applies electric muscle stimulation and ethyl chloride spray, and then directs the patient in gentle exercise of the affected muscle.

Kraus points out that triggerpoints are more commonly found in people with an endocrine imbalance, such as women in menopause, or those suffering from hypothyroidism or Addison's disease. However, he warns that triggerpoints often occur in athletes in top condition—and Kraus himself is no exception.

All his life, Kraus has been an expert rock and mountain climber, a nimble and powerful man in superb physical condition. Yet he, too, has been a triggerpoint victim. "Once while mountain climbing I had to chain myself with one hand over an overhang in order to avoid a terrible fall," he says. "As I pulled myself up, I felt something tear in my right shoulder. It hurt. However, I not only climbed farther that day, but for the following three weeks as well. Eventually I knew from the pain that a triggerpoint had developed in the shoulder blade muscle. I tried pressure, heat, cold and electrotherapy. None of these methods worked. Then I had the triggerpoint needled and injected. That eliminated it."

For a long time Kraus has been, as he puts it, "a very active consumer of orthopedic medicine." His injuries over his vigorous years of participation in a variety of tough, risk-filled sports—ranging from motorcycling and rock climbing to downhill skiing and boxing—have been frequent and sometimes painful. Besides stripping the skin off his hands, he fractured his right wrist and a finger in the mountain accident in 1921. Three years later he broke a tooth and tore the biceps of his left arm in a motorcycle accident. A short time later he cracked the fifth metatarsal of his left foot when he was skipping rope and snagged a toe in a crack in the floor. He fractured an ankle skiing at Big Bromley in Vermont in the early 1940s, and badly injured his left arm while glissading down a snowfield

in the Tetons, also in the 1940s. He suffered three deep gashes in his scalp, a huge hematoma in his back and countless contusions in a 60-foot fall down a rock face in the Shawangunk Mountains of upstate New York in 1959. Over so many years of falls and shocks, and a lot of jogging, he has all but wrecked his knees. Suffering from a chronic deterioration of the cartilage in back of the kneecaps and a breakdown of the cushion of fibrocartilage in the joints, he was forced last year to have both knees operated on—"a general housecleaning," as he puts it. Despite Kraus' criticism that unnecessary surgery is often performed on injuries that could be treated by less traumatic means, he's enormously grateful for the surgical breakthroughs that have allowed a man of his age to recover from such a potentially debilitating condition. In his case an arthroscope was used, a tubelike device inserted into the knee joint to clean out fluid and debris that had accumulated over decades of blows and injuries. "If it hadn't been for that technique, I would have been laid up for a long, long time," he says. "My knees might have survived the kind of major surgery that used to be necessary in such cases, but the time of immobility for a man of my age would have made it very difficult to get in condition again."

After knee surgery, Kraus was back across-country skiing within 10 days. He was also back in the Shawangunks, among the best climbing areas in the world. Kraus is one of the grand old lords of climbing in that region, having done something like 50 or 60 first ascents in the region since he began going there with his old friend, Fritz Wiessner, now 81, who is acknowledged as the discoverer of the Shawangunks as a climbing area in the late 1930s.

Kraus has a weekend house in upstate New York, scarcely a rope's length from the Shawangunks. He is slightly limited on the faces he can ascend these days, not so much because of his knees, but because of the ancient injury to his hands. He is now unable to grip anything firmly between his right thumb and forefinger. Still, almost every weekend he makes ascents that would wither the soul of those unaccustomed to the risks that climbers of Kraus' skill take for granted.

Kraus has been associated with skiing in the U.S. for 40 years or more—and

still is. He was elected to the Ski Hall of Fame in 1974, largely because of his long-time reputation as "The Ski Doctor," an appellation earned for his services to Billy Kidd and other members of the U.S. ski team and for his years as an official advisory physician of the National Ski Patrol. In 1959 he married a ski racer—Madi Springer-Miller, 26 years his junior and a member of the 1958 U.S. ski team. They have two daughters, one still in college, the other in her first year at veterinary school. Kraus still thinks nothing of an eight-mile trek on cross-country skis, although he now rarely does any downhill skiing. Injuries are part of the reason, but he also considers such skiing to be a lazy man's sport in these days of chair lifts and gondolas—a sport he dismisses as "yo-yo skiing."

His views on American sport in general in the 1980s have been influenced by his own involvement as a ruggedly individualistic participant. He is particularly critical of those who huddle before television sets to watch football, and he is downright scornful of the game itself. He says, "Our age is a viewing age. People don't do, they view, and that isn't basically healthy. They are vicarious lovers, people sitting around waiting to see an accident—and football is happy to oblige. Football makes injury unavoidable. Players are coached to inflict injury. A young man shouldn't be afraid of injury. Men should be exposed to danger, they should be exposed to injury. But certain injury—no, that isn't good, particularly at an early age, as high school football players are. To experience danger and to overcome it—that is a good, healthy, educational experience. To simply sit around and view danger and view injury—that isn't good."

And what of the so-called fitness boom? Hasn't this made a noticeable difference in the condition of the American population? Up to a point, Kraus admits, though he's still skeptical. "The run-of-the-mill person still considers himself a sportsman if he watches TV games, guzzles beer and munches pretzels. It's true that middle-aged people are doing more for themselves than before. There are joggers everywhere—but they're still a tiny minority of Americans. There are still no meaningful programs in the schools to produce concerned physical conditioning for children. Still, things are better than they were." **END**

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First where it means something to be first.



Even Larry Sheets has a hard time explaining exactly why he's not playing leftfield for the Rochester Red Wings now, swinging the bat scouts have called one of the quickest they've ever seen and giving the home folks in Staunton, Va. an excuse to carpool over to Richmond to watch him hit .379 in the low minors last season, can't explain his absence from Rochester, their Triple A team, any better. "Every scout who has ever seen him has come away raving about him," General Manager Hank Peters has said. "It breaks your heart to think about it."

To the Orioles, Sheets' former high school Coach Jim Goodloe, and the rest of the folks in Staunton—which nurtured Woodrow Wilson and isn't used to its talented offspring shrugging off larger responsibilities—the shame is that Sheets' biggest accomplishment in pro baseball so far has only been the league-leading home run total of 14 he ran up at Bluefield, W. Va., the Orioles' rookie league farm club, in barely half of last season. In their eyes he could be a lot more than the 21-year-old student he is now at near-by Harrisonburg's Eastern Mennonite College, playing some softball and working toward a degree in phys ed.

"When I got out of high school I thought baseball was the only thing I'd want out of life," says Sheets. "And if I'd gone straight on to college, I'd probably wish that I'd played pro baseball. I have no regrets. Baltimore has always left it so I can come back when I want to. It's kind of like the thing going on with Ralph."

But it isn't, really. By staying at Virginia, Ralph Sampson, who was Sheets' basketball rival for three years in high school, is enhancing his skills and his value. But Sheets sees no left-handers' curves playing softball, and he won't



He's safe at home

Larry Sheets has big potential, but little disposition, for being a major-leaguer

graduate before turning 23—the age when baseball people feel that prospects who haven't made a commitment to the game should be forgotten.

In fact, Sheets isn't so much attracted to college life as turned off by baseball life, which makes him so homesick that he can't abide it. "You're supposed to be an adult so soon," he says. "In college, people go home on weekends, but you don't do that playing baseball. Always being on the go, being gone six to nine months of the year, that bothers me more than anything. You're 18 years old, but you're supposed to be 23 or something."

Less than two weeks after Sheets' graduation from Robert E. Lee High, the Orioles picked him off to Bluefield, where he hit .267, led the Appalachian League in RBIs and tied for second in homers. But that November, after two good months in the Florida Instructional League, he went home, not to return to baseball until the Orioles lured him back to Bluefield for the last three games of the 1979 season. "They said they wanted to see how it would work out mentally," says Sheets. After the season ended, the Orioles sent him to a Baltimore psychiatrist. "He made me feel like a little kid," Sheets says. "It's a hard thing to cope with, to think I'm nuts. I know I'm not."

Sheets planned to sit out the 1980 season, too, until a friend, Jeff McCauley, persuaded him to join a team in a local amateur league. After six games Sheets decided to report to Bluefield. "If I was going to get involved at all," he says, "I wanted to do it professionally."

Last summer, again playing in the Appalachian League, where hitters dig in at their own risk because of all the wild, young arms, Sheets did to baseballs what he'd done to Wiffle Balls and softballs back in Staunton: hit long ones more consistently than anyone else. He homered every 8.9 at bats before being called up to the Orioles' Double A club in Charlotte, N.C., where he played in 13 games. Despite his success, Sheets was less than enthusiastic about the game. "Sometimes I feel bad because I'm here," he had said at Bluefield, "and a lot of other people would really like to be here."

Even though he had earned assignment to Rochester for this season, Sheets skipped spring training, again citing homesickness as an excuse, along with an operation for bone chips in his right elbow that sapped his confidence. (His throwing arm is considered only average when healthy.) Then early last month an episode began that typifies Sheets' professional career. He told Dick Bowie, the

continued

scout who stalked and signed him, that he wanted to give baseball another try as soon as the spring term ended. But after agreeing to report to the Class A Hagerstown (Md.) Suns on May 29, Sheets never showed. He had packed, but didn't leave home. He recited to himself his usual litany of reservations: loss of school time, dislike of travel, the arm surgery. As of last Sunday Sheets was still in Staunton, set on returning to Eastern Mennonite next week for summer school.

Through it all, Sheets has never blamed the game. "While I was playing—playing—it was great. I just want to be a secure person, to have something to fall back on," he says, referring to his decision in 1979 to enroll at Eastern Mennonite. "Does that make any sense?"

Even with a hat in his powerful hands, Sheets seeks security. He's a first-ball hitter to a fault because, he says, he doesn't like to be behind in the count. And he instinctively choked up on the bat whenever there were two strikes against him during his first year at Bluefield until the late Clyde Klutz, then Baltimore's director of player development, told him sternly never to do it again.

"It bothers me a bit that one day I'll knock on the Orioles' door and say, 'Hey, I want to play ball,' and there'll be no one home," he says. "But as I told them, I'm tired of making promises and keeping them on the hook. Baltimore is the best organization in baseball. I was happy to sign with them, and they've been great to me."

Goodloe can't figure it out. "Larry gets poked by his favorite team," he says. "It was his dream. He was a lazy student who hated school, and now here he is in college doing very well. But I have to admire him for making up his own mind. It's easy to buckle under to peer pressure or society's pressure."

There has been plenty of that since Sheets' senior year at Lee High. Goodloe would talk umpires into playing in rainstorms just so scouts who had made the trip could see Sheets hit. When one sensible pitcher disappointed the scouts by walking Sheets three times in one game, Sheets stayed afterward while the coach preached to him. "He was just about the oldest guy on the team," says Goodloe. "The young guys who'd shag flies for him wanted to see him succeed more than anyone."

When it seemed that Sheets had become the only obstacle to his own suc-

continued

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less, some citizens of Staunton reached unkindly. "They would call the house and tell my parents that they should make me do this or that," Sheets says. "In the street some would ask me about it or cuss at me, like I'd let them down. You can only be nice for so long. They've got their lives to live and I've got mine."

For the last seven months that life has been a happy one. As a 6' 4" forward on Eastern Mennonite's basketball team last winter, he was the seventh-best rebounder in the NCAA's Division III. He especially enjoyed the daily chapel services. "I have a lot of faith in prayer," he says. "I know some people can't understand how you can be led to do something. I just have that faith."

"He's a person of high morals," says Howie, the scout who has remained in co-operating contact with Sheets the past four years. "But he shouldn't be throwing this away. It's a shame if someone with that much ability doesn't use it."

"I really feel bad about it because I hate to see good people get upset," says Sheets. "I hope they see that what I've done isn't meant to get them upset."

For now, back in Staunton, good people like Goodloe are more resigned than upset at what a good person, Sheets, has chosen to do. "You admire him and you respect him," says Goodloe. "But you still wonder why."

THE WEEK

(June 1-7)

by HERM WEISKOPF

AL EAST New York (7-0) came up with its own version of the aphorism "A bird in hand is worth two in the bush." With Doug Bird defeating Cleveland 5-3 and Chicago 2-0 and with reliever Goose Gosage saving both games, the fire-feathered Yankees flew up from third place, bumping the Orioles out of first. Bird's victories gave him 18 in a row starting Sept. 8, 1978—12 in the majors and six when he was sent to the minors briefly. "I think everyone should be tired of me," Bird said of his time in the minors. "It builds character." Gosage's efforts were part of a remarkable week by New York's bullpen, which didn't allow a run in 23 innings. In addition to his three saves, Gosage picked up a victory after working out of a bases-loaded no-out jam in the top of the 10th against Baltimore. New York won

that game 5-3 when Dave Revering slammed an 11th-inning, two-run homer, a sweet-revenge blast off Sammy Stewart. Revering felt Stewart had tried to show him up the week before when the authoritarians Stewart acted as if he might pitch left-handed against Revering. The next night Gene Beakes' two-run shot in the 11th beat Baltimore 2-0 as Dave Righten went the first eight innings for New York and Ron Davis the last three. The Yankees won the series finale 12-3 as Gene Nelson atoned for his previous week's loss in Baltimore by feeding the Orioles fewer changeups and more fastballs. The Yankees hitted 314 but Reggie Jackson contributed little. "This isn't a slump," lamented Jackson, who was hitting .200. "I'm scared to death."

"We're a 24-man team—and one prima donna," said Doug DeCinces of the Orioles (2-4). The object of DeCinces' scorn was teammate Jim Palmer, who made disparaging remarks about the third baseman's inability to come up with a grounder during a loss the week before.

Rollie Fingers of the Brewers (3-3) earned his 10th and 11th saves by twice throwing two innings of shutout relief. Gorman Thomas' two home runs and four RBIs made Milwaukee a 5-2 winner over Detroit in the first of those games.

"My stuff was ordinary. I just had to be a 'poundmaster.'" That was the self-evaluation of Dennis Eckersley of Boston (3-3) after he beat the Indians 4-0 by "pounding the corners." Old Master Carl Yastrzemski slugged a two-run homer in the eighth to help Frank Tompa defeat Oakland 4-1.

Cleveland (3-0) coupled timely hits with strong pitching. Tony Barr's two homers helped Rick Wards defeat Boston 4-1. Jorge (Cali Me George) Orta had four RBIs as Len Barker eased past Seattle 8-1. And Mike Har- grove stroked a go-ahead single in a three-run salvo to topple the Mariners 5-3.

Last-place Toronto (0-6) was more games out of first place (17) than all the other teams in the East combined (15). Although still south in the standings, Detroit (5-1) went above 500. Jack Morris beat the Twins 2-0 on a three-hitter, and Milt Wilcox blanked them 3-0 on five hits. Pitcher Kevin Saucier and Outfielder Lynn Jones brought back memories of two beloved former Tigers. "I'm a looney," said Saucier, who celebrates victories or saves by vaulting off the mound and shaking every hand in sight as Mark Fidrych. Saucier, who's called Hot Sauce by teammates, gave up only two hits in 7½ innings of relief and was able to go into his postgame routine after saving a 4-1 triumph over Milwaukee. In that same game, Detroit fans thought they were seeing a re-enactment of Rightfielder Al Kaline when Jones pulled off a sparkling double play. Jones made the first out with a sliding catch of a sinking liner. Then he jumped up and pummed out a runner trying

to score from third. At the plate, Jones had four hits, including the game in the 12th, in a 4-3 win over the Brewers.

NY 32-30 BAL 30-30 MIL 30-22 CLE 26-21
BOS 26-24 DET 28-25 TOR 16-38

AL WEST Despite having his hitting streak ended at 18 games, Bill Stein of the Rangers (5-1) had a vital hit of another kind during a 5-3 victory over the Twins. Stein was at bat in the second inning and Jim Sundberg was on third base when a pitch by Minnesota's Jerry Knorrman bounced in the dirt. Twins Catcher Butch Wyegar came up with the ball and seeing that Sundberg had strayed off the base, tried to pick him off. However, Wyegar's throw struck Stein's hat and glanced away as Sundberg scampered home. Against Toronto, Sundberg took advantage of another weird situation in the 12th inning when he went from first to third on a bunt by Mano Mendosa as four Blue Jays converged on the ball. Mendosa was thrown out, but Sundberg made it to third because no one was left to cover the bag. He then scored the deciding run of a 5-4 victory on an error.

Oakland Manager Billy Martin got a week's suspension and \$1,000 fine for his run-in the week before with Umpire Terry Conroy. But Martin appealed the ruling, and was allowed back after three days pending a hearing. In a showdown for first place in Chicago, the A's (4-2) took the first two games 6-2 and 8-3 and lost the finale 4-2. Oakland won the opener with the aid of three White Sox errors. Chicago (1-5) took advantage of three Oakland miscues for its victory.

Until the Angels (4-2) learned that Bobby Grich had broken his left hand on Saturday night, they felt they were in seventh heaven. California got the out-of-this-world feeling from three shutout victories and the resounding hitting of Rod Carew (1,370) and Butch Hobson (1,911). Ken Forsch hurled two of the wha-wha-wha's, and Dave Frost and Andy Hawley continued for the other. Frost had last won on June 2, 1981, when he outdukked Luis Leal of the Blue Jays. Last week on June 2, he went 6½ innings and beat Leal 3-0.

Even with Anis, Oss, hitting .375 and George Brett .440, the Royals (3-3) continued to stagger. Brett was upset to learn that news of some of his heftiest network had leaked out. It seems that Brett, angered by his failures in the clutch a week earlier, had used a hat to do roughly \$1,200 damage to a players' rest room in Minnesota. Jerry Gagne used his hat for more conventional purposes. Gagne, who a year ago was retired and operating a meat market, hit his first home run since 1976. His drive, a grand slam, was part of a team-record seven RBIs by Gagne as Kansas City outlasted Seattle 12-9.

George Argyros, the principal owner of the Mariners (2-4), recently teamed with a part-

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net to hit Air Calhoun (from AirCal). Arnesen may be flying high, but the Mariners seem to be hogged in even though Tim Lincecum hit .400.

Baseball's "other Fernando," Minnesota's Arroyo, beat Texas 7-3. But the Twins (1-5) were shut out for the seventh and eighth times this season.

OAK 35-22 TEX 31-20 CHI 27-22 CAL 27-29
KC 16-26 SEA 19-34 MINN 15-37

NL WEST Spending most of his time on the bench, Jason's rubbed Bill Natorodny of the Braves (3-3) of his batting stroke or sense of humor. After his 10th-inning pinch double injured Atlanta's 3-1 win over L.A., Natorodny said, "I was very calm. What are they going to do if I don't get a hit? Bench me!"

Dave Concepcion batted .458 and had six RBIs, and Roy Olerud hit .435 for Cincinnati (5-1) as the Reds gained three lengths on front-running Los Angeles. George Foster's seven RBIs gave him a major-league-leading 44, one more than Concepcion. Bruce Bochy yielded only a fourth-inning single while defeating Montreal 2-0 on Sunday.

Nolan Ryan of the Astros (4-2) surpassed Early Wynn as the all-time leader in walks with his 1,776th base on balls during a 3-0 win over New York. Rookie Chris Welsh of the Padres had a 1-0 inter-batter going into the ninth, but lost 2-1 to Houston after giving up two singles and then a triple to Craig Reynolds, the major-league leader with nine.

That was only part of a dizzying week for San Diego (2-4). At the start of a three-game series against St. Louis, the Padres' ERA was better than the Cardinals' (3.74 to 3.81) and both teams were hitting .260. Despite those figures, San Diego was last in the West, St. Louis first in the East.

Fernando Valenzuela of the Dodgers (2-4), using more fastballs and fewer screwballs, fanned 11 Braves in a 5-2 win. Valenzuela went nine innings for his ninth victory, but Reliever Fred Breining of the Giants (2-4) threw only one pitch—a double-play ball—and earned a 5-3 victory over the Pirates. Breining won when Enos Cabell hit a two-run homer in the ninth.

LA 35-19 CIN 32-21 HOUS 28-26
ATL 26-26 SF 27-29 SD 21-33

NL EAST "In baseball there's no such thing as a small enemy," said the Dodgers' Valenzuela when asked if he expected to pitch a perfect game against the lowly Cubs (2-4). How right he was. Valenzuela lasted only 3½ innings and was tagged for seven runs. The big blow in Chicago's 11-5 triumph was a three-run pinch homer by Mike Tyson. The Cubs weren't nearly so productive on artificial turf. Chicago ran its record to 0-17 on the rag-

ged. It lost twice times in Pittsburgh. The Cubs also lost Bobby Bonds, who was in the first inning of his first game since being brought up from the minors. He fractured his right pinky when he fell after his clean caught in a scam in the artificial turf in rightfield. As Manager Joey Amalfitano aptly put it, "There may be a black cloud hanging over us."

Despite mounting troubles of their own, the Cardinals won five of seven. Reserve infielder Mike Ramsey broke a bone in his right hand, Shortstop Garry Templeton said he wanted to be traded, and Catcher Orlando Sanchez had to be rushed up from the minors. Then things took a turn for the better. Templeton recanted, and Sanchez, playing because Durrell Porter and Gene Tenace were hurt, singled in the 11th and scored on Tommy Herr's single to beat Montreal 3-2. St. Louis trailed 2-1 with two out in the ninth when Manager Whitey Herzog made a novel decision. Instead of pinch hitting for Pitcher Bob Forsch, Herzog let Forsch bat, and he singled in the tying run. In a similar situation, Herzog let Reliever Jim Kaat hit in the last of the 13th of a 1-1 game against San Diego. Kaat, who had pitched two shutout innings, walked and subsequently scored the winning run on a single by Keith Hernandez.

The Pirates (5-1) were encouraged when Reliever Kent Tekulve, a dud all season, picked up a win and his first save. Jason Thompson and John Milner each wallowed a two-run pinch homer in Pittsburgh wins.

George Yakovitch, just up from the minors, twice came through in the clutch for the Phillies (4-2). A pinch single in the eighth by Yakovitch sealed up a 5-4 defeat of New York, and his pinch two-run homer helped Larry Christensen and Mike Pelfy dispose of At-

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

KEN FORSCH: In two shutouts—3-0 over the Blue Jays and 10-0 over the Orioles—the California right-hander allowed only eight hits and ran his totals for the season to 3,626 hits, four fewer than Mussel.

LANTA 3-0: Pete Rose, hot on the trail of Stan Musial's league record for career hits, batted 417 by going 10 for 24. That gave him 3,626 hits, four fewer than Musial.

After eight games without a steal, Tim Lincecum of the Expos (1-6) talked with former base-stealing champ Lou Brock. That night, Lincecum stole three bases, and at week's end he had 45, the most in either league and five steals ahead of Brock's record pace of 1974.

Frank Taveras of the Mets (2-4) also swiped three bases in one game, a 6-2 triumph in Philadelphia.

PHIL 31-21 STL 28-19 PIT 25-21
MONT 27-25 NY 17-31 CHI 12-37

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Surely everyone knows the voice of the Dodgers. It belongs to that dapper, mellow-voiced guy who's been broadcasting baseball for what seems like centuries. His following in Los Angeles is legion. For that matter, he's renowned nationally. Got the name? Right. Jaime Jarrin. Oh sure. Vince Scully has his listeners, but Jarrin (pronounced HAR-reen) is the voice that carries the farthest these days. On a recent Saturday, with Fernando Valenzuela pitching for the Dodgers, Jarrin's account of the game, originating from the Los Angeles Spanish-language station KTNQ, was heard throughout California, the

Southwest and Mexico. The total audience was estimated at 40 million.

While Dodger games are carried on 25 English-language radio stations, the team's Spanish-language radio network has 34 outlets. Jarrin receives about 100 letters a day, somewhat more than the amount of Scully's correspondence. *Fernandomania*, as Valenzuela worship is now characterized, is the reason for what Jarrin joshingly calls this "monstrous" surge of baseball interest among Hispanics. But he's not knocking it, because it has made him a star as well.

Jarrin, 46, has been broadcasting Dodger games in Spanish for 23 years and has long been considered something of a celebrity in L.A. Latin quarters. That's nothing to scoff at, because the Hispanic population of Los Angeles County is more than two million. Jarrin also has done dozens of championship fights on U.S. closed-circuit TV, which has given him a national Spanish-speaking audience. But Valenzuela has provided him with a far broader following.

Because Valenzuela speaks scarcely a word of English, the Dodgers quickly realized that he would require an interpreter to deal with the hordes of reporters. Jarrin, whose energy is evidently boundless, agreed to take on the job gratis. He has broadcast an inning of one of Valenzuela's games on NBC's *Game of the Week*, first describing the action in Spanish and then discussing what had taken place in English. He also has appeared on half a dozen talk shows across the country. Scully, who frequently has Jarrin as a guest on his own broadcasts, is both elated and amused by his colleague's sudden good fortune. "When Jaime started doing the games," he says, "the Spanish booth was way down the third-base line. We were, of course, behind home plate. Now their booth is behind home, too. The way things are going, we'll probably end up near the bullpen, and only they'll be behind the plate."

Jarrin and Scully have enjoyed a long association. From 1960 to 1975, Jarrin and his fellow Spanish announcers in L.A. re-created Scully's broadcasts of Dodger road games by listening to him

with earphones and translating him, pitch for pitch, anecdote for anecdote, on the spot. For the past six years, however, Jarrin and his color man, Rudy Hoyo, a well-known Mexican actor, have done every home and away game live. They are the only Spanish-speaking broadcasters who regularly travel with a major league team.

Jarrin has been in radio since he was a high school student in his native Quito, Ecuador. By the end of his second year at Central University there, he was one of 50 announcers employed by HCJB, which stands for *Hoy Cristo Jesus Bendiga* (Today Christ Jesus Blesses). Owned and run by Protestant fundamentalist missionaries and known as *La voz de los Andes*, HCJB is a massive station with six transmitters sending signals in 12 languages all over the world, including China and the Soviet Union. In June of 1955 Jarrin decided to try his luck in the U.S., arriving in Los Angeles with \$10 in his pocket and only a spotty understanding of English.

Jarrin was working for KWKW in Pasadena in 1958 when the station's general manager, William Beaton, asked him if he would do some baseball. The late Walter O'Malley, who had just moved his team west from Brooklyn, recognized that, with the Latin market being as large as it is in L.A., Spanish broadcasts were essential. Trouble was Jarrin had never watched a baseball game. "I hadn't even seen a bat or a ball, except in pictures," he recalls. But Beaton persisted, and Jarrin spent the next year observing games and reading everything he could about baseball. He was ready to do color commentary three months into the 1959 season. Jarrin has been the No. 1 play-by-play man since 1973, when XEGM took over the Spanish broadcasts of L.A. games. KTNQ has been the flagship station of the Dodgers' Latin radio network since 1970. Jarrin is now at least as acute an observer as any of his broadcasting colleagues, describing with particular relish the vagaries of Valenzuela's *trabazón* (screwball), which is just what one would expect from the newly renowned voice of the Dodgers.

La voz de los Dodgers



Translating for Valenzuela wraps up Jarrin, too

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82

A peck of pounds, but no bushel of laughs

Though Dave Peck looks like easy pickin's, he's no joke on court, as a No. 2 rating attests



When El Paso's Dave Peck began to play racquetball seriously 5½ years ago, he didn't exactly put fear in the hearts of his rivals. Peck's game was fine, but his physique seemed ludicrous. At 5' 10", 190 pounds, he had the wrong proportions for racquetball, in which quick reflexes and crablike changes of direction are so important. Opponents took one look at his Baby Huey body and choirboy face and found it difficult to keep from laughing.

"In one of my first tournaments, my opponent hit a shot that I had to cross the court to get," says Peck. "The guy thought, 'There's no way this fat kid's going to reach the ball,' and bent over to pick it up himself. I stepped by him and passed him down the other side. Another time I overheard a guy say, 'I play Peck in the first round, and then I

play. . . . It so happens that I won the tournament."

It also so happens that he has gone right on winning. In 1978-79 Peck vaulted from 39th to sixth in the national rankings and was named Rookie of the Year. The last two seasons he has been rated in the top four, and in recent months he has been involved in some memorable finals, beating both national champ Marty Hogan and fourth-ranked Mike Yellen in 11-10 tiebreakers and losing 21-20, 21-20 to both Hogan and No. 3 Jerry Hilecher. No wonder the pro tour's been playing to full galleries. Currently ranked second, Peck is seeded behind only Hogan at this week's national championships in Tempe, Ariz.

"The way to judge a champion is how he does against his peer group," says Charlie Brumfield, author, wjt, iconoclast

and five-time national finalist. "That Peck's beaten everyone speaks for itself. It helps that he comes from Armpit, U.S.A. He beat everyone there, and he came on the tour thinking he could win. People from more civilized areas know they can lose.

"Another thing helping Peck is that he didn't start playing until he was 19. Other guys start at 12 and get played out when they should be peaking. Peck has both the maturity and the drive." And what drive! Peck is so intense in competition that he wears retainers to keep from grinding his teeth.

In discussing the 24-year-old Peck, his fellow players are more likely to stress his enthusiasm than his talent. This is misleading, because Peck's appearance notwithstanding, he has extraordinary natural athletic ability. In high school he

finished second in the state wrestling meet in the 185-pound class and was a four-year starter at middle linebacker. After graduation he spent a summer at the Indiana University diving camp, learning forward 3½ and triple-twisting 1½. And he's in much better condition than his physique suggests. A recent fitness test indicated that Peck's body is 12% fat. The figure people are told to aim for is 15%.

But Peck's peers have a point. Because most top racquetball players are virtually equal in ability, intangibles generally make the difference in competition. Peck's personality and history, not his strokes, are what set him apart.

He's as agreeable as can be. Speaking with someone he has just met, Peck cordially slaps the new acquaintance on the shoulder. It's dinnertime, so he shouts, "Let's pig out!" Peck arrives at the restaurant wearing slacks, a sport jacket and a T shirt featuring the words PIKE FEST, a reference to a raucous party weekend at Texas Tech. Following a victory on the court the next day, Peck raises clenched fists and screams, "Nothin' but tough!" Everyone, even his beaten opponent, is smiling.

Peck takes a relaxed view of pressure. While most other players are asleep by 10 p.m. the night before a match, Peck and kindred spirit Hogan may arrange a 3 a.m. Asteroids game. And, typically, Peck sees the best in every situation. Last year he pushed too hard to beat Hogan and became vulnerable to lesser foes; but after getting upset in the round of 32 at a tournament early this season, his play picked up quickly. "That loss was the best thing that ever happened to me," he says. "I dropped from second to fourth in the rankings and took a lot of pressure off myself. Now every time I go on the court, I think I'm going to win."

"I'll tell you a story, dude. The first time I played my coach, Dr. Bud Muehleisen, I was scared stiff. I mean, the guy won 54 national titles, a living legend. Well, he killed me the first game, killed me the second and was shutting me out in the third. I said, 'Dr. Bud, thanks for the game, but I've got to get outta here.' He sat me down and he said, 'Listen, Dave, you're taking this game too seriously. Go to the beach for a few days.'"

"Dr. Bud taught me the C.R. effect—controlled rage. I used to scream and try

to psych guys. Dr. Bud told me, 'That's bush league. You should be using the effort within yourself to control your emotions so you can reap the benefits.'"

Now, although from time to time he'll swear or kick a wall to relieve tension, Muehleisen's pupil is no Peck's Bad Boy.

Muehleisen hasn't been Peck's only mentor. When Peck was three, his father, Leigh, moved the family from Detroit to El Paso and set rigorous standards for Dave and his six siblings. El Paso is across the Rio Grande from Ciudad Juárez, Mexico; 62.5% of El Paso's 425,000 inhabitants are of Spanish-speaking origin. Ergo, Leigh required his children to speak the language at home. When he's in town, Peck coaches a largely Chicano junior team that's one of the best in the country. Among its members are four national age-group champions, including Dave's brother, Gregg, 17, who has beaten Hogan.

"There's no greater pleasure than watching the people you've taught develop," says Peck, who teaches left-handed to experience what less skilled players are going through. He also urges his charges to keep fresh by playing other sports.

Not content merely to raise his children bilingually, Leigh, a surgeon, introduced his son to another mind-expanding experience when Dave was 16. Dave went to work for his father as a scrub

technician, a job that involves setting up equipment and preparing patients for surgery. This was his first encounter with intense pressure. "Say a guy comes in with a gunshot wound," says Peck. "Hit in an artery. Bleeding internally. You have to come running in and get the instruments ready fast. Surgery is nerve-wracking. That's why doctors tell dirty jokes—to relieve the tension."

At a tournament in Boston, Peck drew an analogy between medicine and racquetball in a discussion with Deany Lund, a resident in surgery at Massachusetts General Hospital.

"What happens if the doctor panics?" he asked Lund.

"The patient doesn't do so well," said Lund.

"Exactly. When the doctor panics, it affects everyone—the scrub tech, the nurse, the anesthesiologist, the patient. It's the same principle in racquetball. If you get hyper externally, it affects your opponent. Only it helps him. He gets confident. He can beat you more easily. You have to overcome the pressure and go for it."

Eventually Peck had to go for it alone. While he was a freshman in 1974-75 at the University of Texas-El Paso, which he was attending primarily to play football, his parents were divorced. Soon after, Peck, who was closer to



Za with the ever-eating coach is part of the fun of playing on Peck's seasonally rated junior team

You never forget
your first Girl.



RACQUETBALL

his mother, lost his job as a scrub tech and grew weary of football. At the end of that year he dropped out of school.

"I was on my own," he says. "I had been sheltered to a degree—going to frat parties, playing football, having a good time. Then—*voilà!*—it was, hey, buddy boy, you've got to get your butt out into the real world. I don't want to sound maudlin but to make it, I had to come up with some pretty dramatic decisions. I turned to racquetball, which I had never played, as a means of escaping the situation at home. Other players were supported for a long while as they worked their way up in the rankings. My quick rise stems from my having to work my way up in a hurry."

While his home club, the Supreme Court Racquetball Club, was hosting a tour event a few weeks ago, Peck was constantly in motion—tending to four houseguests, seeing to his duties at the courts, giving interviews and, somehow, competing. Yet he was at his best on court, winning the tournament without dropping a game and whipping Hilecher 21-6, 21-6 in the finals. "There was an awful lot of pressure playing in my hometown," says Peck, "but I was trying harder in front of my family and friends. I had so much adrenaline I was floating."

The El Paso tournament was Peck's fourth in as many weeks, but he grew stronger with each match. "My extra weight is an advantage," he said the night before the finals, downing helping after helping of Chinese food at a Juarez restaurant, pausing only to proclaim himself "mellow and happy."

"I've never seen anyone who likes food as much as he does," said the slim Hilecher, who was loading up on carbohydrates across the table. "I have to get my sleep and watch my food, but he'll eat anything and he doesn't need sleep." Upon leaving the restaurant well after midnight, Peck headed for an ice cream parlor, where he downed several ice cream sandwiches.

In the next day's noon final Hilecher played well, but Peck ran through the racquetball dictionary. He won points with roll-outs, pinches, splits, pawing shots, cross-courts, a rare drop shot and 10 service winners, including half a dozen aces. Afterward, Peck's fans weren't chanting "Nathan" but "tough" as they had throughout the match. They were yelling "Awesome!"

END

Wilson.



A pro puts his future
on the line when he picks a racket.
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more than any other is a Wilson wood.



In the NASL's lexicon, 1981 edition, "expansion" is suddenly a word you wouldn't want to catch your kids using. As the hasty redeployment of franchises in the off-season showed, the league had gone too far, too fast when it bumped up its membership from 18 to 24 teams in 1978. Three sank without trace this winter and four others found themselves relocated, a couple of them in places that seemed to have been chosen by a computer with a sense of humor—Jacksonville, Fla. and Calgary, Alberta. And in recent weeks even the Cosmos, the flagship franchise, has been shipping a little water. They haven't been playing very well, and those 70,000-plus crowds at Giants Stadium in New Jersey were a long-gone memory. Troubled times, indeed, for the NASL. For the sake of the sport, it's good luck, very good luck indeed, that

Le Club de Soccer Manic de Montreal is alive and flourishing.

Le Manic is the biggest paradox of the soccer season, a new franchise built on the insubstantial ruins of the Philadelphia Fury, a club that few loved—total home attendance for 16 games in 1980: 76,445—and whose passing none lamented. It took the Montreal Manic, as the team might be called were it not located in the largely French-speaking Province of Quebec, just four home games to exceed that Philly attendance: in its first game at the Olympic Stadium it drew 27,060, the second-largest opening-game crowd for a new franchise. The game with the Cosmos last week brought in

In a down year for the NASL, things are looking up in expansion city Montreal

38,667, and average attendance has been more than 22,000. The crowds are showing up even though the Manic's record in the Eastern Division, the league's toughest, is an unremarkable 6-7. But the morale of the side and its mostly joyful acceptance by the sophisticated city of Montreal promise better things.

For a closer look, though, come to the Ristorante Frascati in the Italian quarter, where a waiter isn't entirely sure if he should serve the linguine or run for his Instamatic, so excited is he over the appearance of a group from the Manic—Coach Eddie Firmani, two new players from England, Gordon Hill and Tony Towers, and Bobby Rigby, the enduring American goalie who came to Montreal with the rump of the Fury, a journey he was delighted to make.

"It was a real mishmash," Rigby says of Philadelphia. "We'd have team meetings and guys would just laugh. It was ridiculous. I'd just come from L.A. where we had Ranus Michels [the austere former Dutch national coach who has since gone back to Europe], where we used to sit in the locker room like we were in a monastery or something. In Philly, Frank Worthington and these guys would be as loose as a goose and the Yugoslavs would be all upset and it was a joke. Our big hope was that we'd get our checks the next weekend. But here, man, it's a rebirth!"

A rebirth also for the waiter, now rapidly gaining confidence. "We of Alitalia," he declares to the table at large, referring to a local amateur side. "We play three games, we score 16 goals. I score six of them myself." And he looks at Hill penetratingly. "Why is it that you do not score a goal against the Cosmos?" he demands.

Now there's another waiter in attendance. "In Italy," he says, "I worship Chinaglia. He is nothing to me now. I am for the Manic."

"We Italians meet him before the game. 'I see you afterward,' he said to us. But me, I don't care to show up." He turns, seriously, to Firmani: "We need a libero [sweeper]," he says, "a natural libero. Andy Lynch is O.K. but..."

continued

Manic but not depressive



A Manic booster and the Canadian Maple Leaf get extra national competition from Italy's Instamatic

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"The population of Italy," Firmani says, "consists of 60 million soccer coaches." Firmani ought to know; he played there for eight years before becoming the NASL's most successful coach.

The winter misinterprets Firmani's remark. "My dream," he says passionately, "is to sit there on the bench and tell you what to do!"

The Frascati is where the Manic Étoiles, the team's fan club, gathers. Today, though, the members are a little subdued. The city's French-language newspaper, *La Presse*, has criticized the behavior of Italian fans during the 2-1 loss to the Cosmos as "undisciplined." They had waved flags and let off rockets when Montreal evened the score at 1-1 in the first half. When the Cosmos got the winning goal in overtime while a Montreal player was writhing on the ground, injured, a number of the Étoiles had attempted a small invasion of the playing field.

Now Tony Incollingo, president of the Étoiles, says sadly, "They don't want our flags no more. They don't want us to sit together." Incollingo sold more than 4,000 tickets for the Cosmos game, but that afternoon he was to meet the sales manager of the Manic. "I have to bring with me very thin woods for my flags to show this man," he informs the party. In other words, there would be no flags allowed inside the stadium unless the flag sticks were obviously too frail to be used for anything but waving. In a moment, Incollingo cheers up. "There's a girl I know," he says, addressing Towers, the Manic captain. "Every time I see her she ask me, 'How can I meet Tony?'" Towers doesn't respond to the gambit. He has been embarrassed enough already by being referred to as Antoine de la Tour by an inventive Francophone also dining at Frascati.

At which point you encounter the main difficulty that Molson, the big Canadian brewery that has invested between three and four million dollars in the Manic, has had to contend with thus far—language.

In Quebec, in Montreal, there is that majority of French speakers (Francophones), and a substantial minority of Anglophones. There are also, though it is hardly ever mentioned, close on half a million Allophones in the city.

Allophones? Well, yes. The citizens who speak Italian (mostly), Greek, Spanish, Portuguese, Yugoslavian, etc. (Allophones, get it?) One would think they would be the natural nucleus of a soccer following in Montreal. Like the boys from the Frascati. The Manic management, however, aims little promotion at them. Or none. "We haven't spent a cent on the ethnics," a team spokesman says. "They can yap and yell that they know the sport from back in Italy or Romania, but we want to build something special to us Quebecois." Meanwhile, though no demographics have been done, it's estimated that about 50% of the Manic's crowd is Allophone.

And so, in Montreal the main thrust of Molson, which wants the summer exposure that soccer can give it—the Canadians, whom the brewery also owns, covering the rest of the year—is at the Francophones and, to a lesser extent, at the Anglophones. "So far we haven't stubbed our toes, but we will," a Molson man says, referring to the risky promotional priorities. However, it may have happened already. The only English-language daily in Montreal seems to have identified the Manic as primarily French-oriented. It gives home games only meager coverage and does not send a correspondent to cover the doings of the Manic on the road. The two French dailies are considerably more generous with space.

Even the name of the club has caused division. Why Manic? "It's an Indian name," a team official says despairingly. "It's not French at all." To Anglophones, though, it sounds as if it were at least that or, worse still, something to do with mental health.

In fact, it's a shortening of the name of a river in northeast Quebec, the Manicouagan, where a massive hydroelectric project was begun in the '50s, a source of much local pride for French Canadians. Incidentally, the names it beat out were Chinook (too windy), Kayak (too wet) and Boréal (too wintry). As a club handout says gushingly, "In the hearts of Quebec, Manic remains special, the first son, the romantic one." Well, you certainly could have fooled the boys at the Frascati.

Stubbed but far from deterred, they showed up at Olympic Stadium again on Saturday night for the Manic's game

against the Toronto Blizzard, a troubled side—nobody wants to buy it—whose president and chief executive officer, Clive Toye, chose not to make the trip, having seen, he said, quite enough of his 4-9 team already.

It wasn't much of a night for fireworks. For an Anglophone, the main linguistic instruction came from the scoreboard, which duly recorded that first-half *tirs au but* (shots on goal) were scarcer than soccer fans in L.A. and that when the Manic's Carmine Marcantonio got a yellow card he was presented with an *avertissement*. Hill could have learned



For Firmani, there's no shortage of assistants

something about himself also. When he completed a pretty if ineffectual bicycle kick, he was electronically described as being 1.7 and 66.6. In meters and kilos, of course.

After halftime, with the score 0-0, Firmans tried a few new tricks. The last 15 minutes were one long Manic—and manic—attack, but no score resulted and the game went to *une période supplémentaire*, though not *une fusillade* (shootout) because four minutes into OT Hill put the winner in for the Manic. He'll be welcome for *linguine* in the Frascati for a while yet, it seems.

END



**Lee Trevino,
Midnight,
Room 170,
Holiday Inn,
Pensacola, Fla.**



Away from the course you find a Super Mex you never knew: a loner, a man apart—by his own choice—from golf's other stars

by Barry McDermott



The jovial on-course Trevino laughs it up with his fans, clowning with photographer Lester Nihardum at the Tournament of Champions and plays a familiar scene with his caddy, Herman Mitchell



I'm going to buy the Alamo and give it back to Mexico.—Lee Trevino, after winning the 1968 U.S. Open.

When I turn 40, I'm going home and count my money. I'm going to have it stacked in bales. I'll just sit there and grin.—Trevino, circa 1972.

Things didn't work out the way Lee Buck Trevino thought they would. Texas kept the Alamo and the money went south, and so, at 41, Trevino keeps writing new chapters to his improbable story, a largely triumphant saga speckled with calamity. He has been hit by lightning and has made and lost a fortune. His back ails but gave out on him. And yet he keeps going, finishing No. 2 on the money list last year, winning the Tournament of Champions this year, heading for the U.S. Open at Merion next week, swaggering and strutting, touching everyone as he goes, and leaving in his wake a string of birdies and one-liners and the feeling that he's special.

Trevino's life contains not a whiff of predictability. There has never been any 9-to-5 in him, not from the ragamuffin days when he was a kid playing in a Texas cemetery, not when he was a ruffian Leatherneck stationed in the Pacific, or a small-time hustler in Big D who went to sleep with the morning sun in his eyes. He joined the pro tour on a shoe-string and a prayer, with a set of buttered clubs and a couple of shirts, and immediately went about challenging Jack Nicklaus and the Establishment. He was full of audacity and irreverence. He was long on joviality and occasionally short of temper. He won tournaments, entertained orphans

Lee Trevino continued

and sassed the Masters, in which he refused to compete in the early '70s. Golf, a sport meant to be emotionless, is lucky to have him.

The Trevino of the record books was born on June 16, 1968 at the Oak Hill Country Club in Rochester, N.Y., when he won the U.S. Open, whipping Nicklaus and everybody else by four strokes; the Taco Kid had block-busted golf's staid and WASPy leader board. Since then he has given us most of what we wanted—what a character, we say with delight—while jealously guarding all of himself. There may never have been a major sports figure the public seems to know so well and yet really understands so poorly.

Unlike some stars who rise from nothing and make it big, Trevino hasn't run away from what he was. He never forgets a favor—or a grudge—and eventually the books balance. What keeps Super Mex turning the key in all those motel-room doors week after week is his memory. Trevino never forgets that he is a fatherless Mexican-American with a seventh-grade education who was raised on bare floors with too little food and even less money. He believes that life is just waiting to kick people like him in the teeth.

The Trevino of the television screen is a chirpy, happy-go-lucky Mex, with not much more on his mind than whether the beer is cold. Actually, Trevino is a perspicacious man who can read people the way he can read a green. Will Rogers said he never met a man he didn't like. Well, Trevino never met a man he didn't know.

Outsiders tend to think of him as something of a gambler, too, dating from his hustling days, but that's not true. Trevino never made a bet that he wasn't pretty sure he could win. No gamble there. Even today he plays safe on the course and away from it. He fades his tee shoes, and he's always on the high side with people, too, paying his own way, staying close to a small circle of friends. "No one knows me," he once said in a rare moment of candor. "I don't want anybody to know me."

There's one thing you have to understand about Trevino, about how a born scuffer looks at life: A Wall Street broker might consider a pool player, a hustler who lives by his wits, to be a particularly low form of life, but the pool player, the hustler, might just as well see the 9-to-5er as a truly contemptible sort.

That's called "the reverse." Trevino, who as a kid never ate lunch on a country club veranda or even had a summer vacation, knows what the reverse is like. You take someone's prejudice and you turn it against them. You take their criticism and laugh back. You make lemonade out of lemons. In fact, if you knew what to look for, you could've seen the way Trevino reverses things when he was playing in a pro-am at the Bel-Air Country Club earlier this year.

Bel-Air is a moneyed community in Los Angeles. It wouldn't be far wrong to state that every Bel-Air home has a Mexican gardener. The Bel-Air Country Club grounds crew is predominantly Mexican; its members stood attentively as Trevino marched down the fairways. The Chicanos laughed when he pointed at a nearby estate, whose property value was estimated to be \$12½ million, and said derisively, "I wouldn't pay that much for United Airlines."

In the group with Trevino was a woman club member

continued



Sometimes, as here in the Byron Nelson, laughter isn't Trevino's answer

Lee Trevino *continued*



who had volunteered to keep score. Midway through the round, when Trevino paused to rake a sand trap, the woman said to him, "Oh, do you do windows, too?" It was an innocuous remark, meant only as banter, but Trevino seized on it and replied, "A woman in Dallas saw me washing windows at my house last week, and she stopped her car and yelled, 'How much do you charge?' I said, 'Lady, the woman in this house lets me sleep with her.'" The gallery laughed, but the woman scorekeeper looked like she wanted the earth to swallow her up. That's the reverse.

When he was young Trevino learned the con man's creed: Give people what they expect and want, and they'll believe it and leave you alone. When he first played in a tournament, he'd never seen a gallery or a country club blazer, and he didn't know which was the salad fork. He started telling jokes, and people laughed, and since then, whenever he has been confronted with a potentially unsettling situation—meeting the Lord Mayor of London, for instance, or playing off for the 1971 U.S. Open title at Merion with Jack Nicklaus—Trevino has fallen back on the device of breaking everybody up. He looked at the mayor's chestful of medals and told him, "Man, I saw Sammy Davis a few weeks ago and thought he was wearing a crazy set of beads. You got the craziest I've seen." He threw a rubber snake at Nicklaus on the first tee and then went out and beat him by three strokes. It's his way of getting by.

Make a person laugh, Trevino knows, and you touch him in a special way, play on his prejudices, perhaps. With laughter you can do a lot: make friends or a point or hide a hurt. Hey, people are laughing to death on the street corners of Harlem. The "truly needy" think everything is funny.

continued

The Trevino home, which a joyous Lee is remodeling, will be more commodious for Tony, T2, and Lesley. 15



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Lee Trevino continued

"There are no rich Mexicans," Trevino says with a chuckle. "They get some money, they call themselves Spanish." It all goes down so easy. Mexicans are carefree, right? Nothing bothers them. Not even lightning. They keep on laughing. *awaga*. And so you laugh with Trevino, but by doing so you run the risk of forever misjudging him. "I got women to see and crops to harvest," he shouts as he pushes through the gallery. Say, Lee, did you hear the one about the Mexican jumping bean? Says Joey Salinas, Trevino's road manager, "When we leave Dallas, we start laughing as soon as we get on the plane and we don't stop till the trip is over. I lose five pounds each trip, just laughing."

The laughter is still out there every day, but other things from Trevino's past have changed. Dallas is a hustling metropolis filled with deal-makers. Progress has gulped down all the reminders of his beginnings: the four-room shack by the cemetery where he grew up with his grandfather, who was a gravedigger, the Glen Lakes course where he caddied and first encountered people who looked down their noses at him; and Hardy's, the driving range and pitch 'n' putt course operated by a crusty, spare fellow named Hardy Greenwood—they're all gone, become shopping centers, apartment houses, whatever. Trevino occasionally drives past the spot where his grandfather's shack used to be. A half-million-dollar house, owned by a woman who heads a large cosmetics company, stands there now. That house, in a way, symbolizes the alterations in Trevino's life.

Trevino learned his lessons in the streets, but his kids are in private schools and he reads *The Wall Street Journal*. His wife, Claudia, a 17-year-old theater ticket taker when he met her, oversees the remodeling of a house the Tre-

vinos recently purchased. It will be finished next fall. The house sits on 3½ acres, and Trevino intends to install a putting green. He has always wanted to have one. He was 15 years old before he ever played an 18-hole round of golf, and he never owned a new golf ball until he went into the Marines at 17. Now he'll have his own putting green.

The house Trevino is reding in Dallas represents his second try at living in that city. He was born there, grew up wise and scrambling there and as a young man worked at Hardy's hustling bets. Soon he had plucked all the pigeons clean. At which point he came up with his most famous gimmick: He took a Dr Pepper bottle, wrapped tape around the bottle's neck so it wouldn't slip, and played golf with it, hitting the ball with a baseball swing and putting croquet fashion. What made it work was that he now appeared to be the underdog. The pigeons expected to win, even gave him strokes. Trevino learned how insidious pressure can be, how being the favorite can affect a man. In three years, he never lost a bet playing with the bottle.

Trevino's reputation got around. By 1965 Martin Lettunich, an El Paso cotton farmer, had heard about him and thought enough of him to transplant him to West Texas to play some high-stakes golf. Trevino, 25 then, arrived in a 1958 Oldsmobile pulling a small U-Haul trailer carrying Claudia's and his belongings. He had \$50 in his pocket. Don Whittington, and his cousin, Jesse Whittington, gave Trevino a job at the Horizon Hills Country Club, a wind-blown course they operated in the wasteland outside of El Paso. And who should turn up there one fine day but Ray Floyd, then as now one of the top players on the tour.

"Where are we?" asked Floyd, getting out of his car and yawning. Trevino politely asked him if he wanted his clubs taken to the pro shop. At the time, Trevino was a jack-of-all-trades. He shined shoes, tended bar, picked up driving-range balls. His pay was \$30 a week, but Lettunich took care of him when they made a big score, even though Trevino refused Lettunich's suggestion that he act as if he didn't understand English.

"Who'm I going to play?" asked Floyd. "Me," replied Trevino.

"You?" said Floyd with a snort, looking at the chubby Mexican with the big grin on his face. "You mean they bet on you?"

One of the gamblers asked Floyd if he wanted to go out and take a look at the course. "No need for that," he replied, "let's play cards until we're ready to tee off."

The first day Floyd shot 66; Trevino had 65. The next day Floyd shot 66; Trevino had 64. The following day Floyd eagled the last hole to beat Trevino by one stroke. "I sent him home C.O.D.," recalls Trevino. "Don't ever play a good player on his home course."

Today, even when he's just having fun, Trevino waxes the percentages on his side. Last year in London, he was at dinner in a restaurant when he noticed a dart board. He challenged the best man in the house, and someone was nominated. Trevino knew that the English normally throw darts from about eight feet. He made the man move back a couple of feet. "He couldn't even hit the target," Trevino says with a chuckle. Of course, his opponent had no idea that

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At tournaments in Texas, Mexican-Americans are among Lee's Flocks

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Chrysler Cordoba Corinthian Edition



The Chrysler Cordoba.

So finely engineered it was rated superior to Oldsmobile Cutlass in overall quality of ride, styling, fits and finishes.

In an independent test, 50 mid-specialty car owners compared the 1981 Chrysler Cordoba to the 1981 Oldsmobile Cutlass Supreme. They compared each car 39 different ways from the quality of their paint jobs to the quality of their seat seams. From the way they felt on the road to the way they looked standing still. Out of the 39 categories, Cordoba beat Cutlass 34 times.* Here are some reasons why.

Isolated transverse torsion-bars and a series of rubber isolator cushions give Cordoba its smooth ride.

When Cordoba and Cutlass were compared for riding qualities, the categories used for evaluation were: smoothness, steadiness, quietness, seating comfort, and overall riding comfort. Incredibly, Cordoba beat Cutlass in all five categories.

Cordoba's smoother, steadier ride comes from its isolated transverse torsion-bars. Chrome alloy torsion-bars are mounted to the front-wheel control arms and to the car structure, so they provide springing action by twisting.

A torsion-bar twists and untwists as wheels ride over bumps. This way the torsion-bar cushions road shocks before they are transmitted to the car body.

Cordoba is a quiet car because Chrysler engineering utilized computer designed, thick, rubber cushions and put them where suspension components meet the car's body to reduce road noise and harshness before they reach Cordoba's interior.

A silky smooth 5.2 liter V8 engine** and amazing Torqueflite automatic transmission. Both helped rate Cordoba superior to Cutlass in pick-up and smoothness.

Among the categories in evaluating Cordoba and Cutlass were pick-up and smoothness. Categories Cordoba won handily.

Cordoba's classic 5.2 liter V8 engine makes it responsive, easy to maintain, but most importantly, an engine with an EPA rating of 17 est. mpg, 26 est. hwy.†

Designed into each engine is an electronic fuel control computer that processes signals from seven different sensors and instantly adjusts your air-fuel ratio to an optimum mixture. Cordoba's Torqueflite automatic transmission means better fuel economy because at highway speeds the torque converter locks in place. With the converter locked the engine runs slower to maintain the car's speed so less fuel is used.

Chrysler's painstaking attention to detail helped rate Cordoba superior to Cutlass in quality of fits and finishes.

During the evaluation between Cordoba and Cutlass for styling, conveniences, and quality of fits and finishes, Cordoba was picked first in 25 out of 27 categories. For example, Cordoba's front, side, and rear styling was rated superior. Cordoba's doors, exterior chrome,

and moldings were picked as fitting better, for being straighter, and for having no gaps. Its hood, doors, and trunk were judged to fit better because their seams were straighter and more even.

All this is the result of Chrysler's advanced planning in design and engineering. To illustrate this, Cordoba's paint job was chosen superior because its color was even throughout and the finish was smoother. To make Cordoba's finish long lasting, a seven-step dip-and-spray treatment to guard against corrosion is applied before the car receives the first of its four coats of paint.

So thorough is Chrysler's attention to quality of styling, fits, finishes and convenience, Cordoba was selected by 34 out of the 50 judges as having superior quality overall.

We'd like you to compare the Chrysler Cordoba and see why it won easily over Cutlass Supreme.

The 1981 Chrysler Cordoba, a car you will judge superior in overall quality.

Cordoba LS model prices start at \$7,765.††
\$7,765. That's what the sporty Cordoba costs and here's what's standard on the Cordoba LS. A 3.7 liter 6-cylinder engine; automatic transmission, power steering, front power disc brakes, tinted glass, and many other standard features that usually are available only as options.



The New Chrysler Corporation

*Results reported are based on responses preferring Cordoba over Cutlass 27 out of 50 to 46 out of 50 participants depending on the category. **Optional at extra cost. †Use EPA est. MPG for comparison. Actual mileage may vary depending on speed, trip length and weather. Actual highway mileage probably lower. Cold starts lower. ††Base sticker price of Cordoba LS (not shown) excluding taxes and destination charges. Optional Corinthian Edition Package shown not available on Cordoba LS.

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Lee Trevino continued

when Trevino wasn't hitting golf balls back at Hardy's, he would throw darts at a target hung on the back of a door. From about 10 feet.

Trevino didn't get his PGA card until 1967. He had wanted to apply in Dallas but nobody there seemed ready to endorse his application. Finally Bill Eschenbrenner, the pro at the El Paso Country Club, went to bat for him.

Eschenbrenner has Trevino's application framed and hanging on a wall in his pro shop. "Back then he was a pretty tough character, and people were afraid of him," Eschenbrenner says. "But I knew him. He told me that he would be loyal to the PGA, and down the line he has proven that. 'If you need me, I'll be there tomorrow,' he says. I've never known a guy who got so great who changed so little. Lee's exactly the same person he was back in 1965. A friend is a friend with him." Trevino has proved his loyalty by regularly showing up for small events around El Paso, even after he didn't live there anymore.

Just before Trevino left to join the circuit full time, Joey Salinas, a friend from Dallas who much later on would become his road manager; Joey's brothers, Arnold and Albert; and Angie, the boys' mother, gave a dinner for Trevino. Angie stood and proposed a toast: "To the next great golfer in the world." Everybody laughed. It sounded so preposterous. Even Trevino chuckled. He admits now, "I never dreamed I could play with those guys on tour. The longer I played, the easier it got. But I never dreamed I was going to be as good as I turned out to be."

In the beginning, because of his public-parks heritage, Trevino couldn't deal with deep rough or bunkers. He had no experience with those obstacles, but he performed well enough during the last half of 1967 to be named Rookie of the Year.

It happened that at about the same time Bucky Woy, a former deputy sheriff and golf pro from Akron, Ohio, was also trying to get into pro golf, but as an agent rather than a player. Woy dogged Trevino, badgering him to sign up for more than a year when no one knew Trevino's name.

In those days a lot of experts considered Trevino a leader-board aberration—he hit the ball low, with a funny, flat swing, and he seemed to be a jabbering nervous wreck on the course. Coming into the 1968 U.S. Open, he'd already blown chances to win the Masters, shooting a final round of 80, as well as tournaments in Atlanta and Houston, where he committed the embarrassing gaffe of shanking on the last hole. But Woy, a bit of a scuffer himself, recognized something special in Trevino: He was impervious to adversity because he was like a weed that had pushed itself up through the concrete. It was tough to get at his roots.

And so the legend was born at Oak Hill. Walking down one of the final fairways on Sunday, leading now by four strokes, Trevino reached out impulsively and slapped the back of Joe Dey Jr., the executive director of the USGA who was accompanying Trevino and Bert Yancey. Dey is the most courteous and understanding of men, but he's not the sort one ordinarily slaps on the back. "I'm just trying to build up as big a lead as I can, so I won't choke," Trevino yammered at him. Everybody thought he was kidding, but he wasn't. It was the reverse.

With the perspiring Woy standing at public telephone booths on the course, calling equipment manufacturers and announcing prematurely that he was representing Trevino, Trevino was becoming the first player in Open history to shoot four straight rounds in the 60s.

Woy finally signed Trevino, but he needed one last bit of resourcefulness. He canceled Trevino's airplane reservation to the next tournament and rebooked him on a later flight so he and Trevino could talk business. Then he confessed his brazen move to Trevino, who laughed and at breakfast on Tuesday signed the contract Woy had drawn up on a restaurant place mat. Why not? Trevino now was a shareholder in life, with money in his pocket—and a title. He was on his way.

Golf had never seen anything like him. But Trevino realized then, as he does now, that he was in the country club on a pass. Scaring out, he ran into a lot of wrinkled noses from the high and haughty. People sniffed at the tattooed Mexican-American. You have to remember the times. The late '60s. Why, people were showing up in the clubhouse dining room without ties.

There's no sport so bound up in tradition, so concerned with the appearance of gentility, as golf. And here was this loudmouth swaggering around, tweaking noses, beating Nicklaus, boycotting the Masters because the tournament was and is quintessentially Establishment, and laughing all the time. Sure the fans loved it—"Go get 'em, Lee!"—but they were just visitors, too. The rest of the year they stood outside the country club gates like everyone else.

Thus Trevino found, and finds, himself caught between golf, which he loves, and the country clubs, which he despises. One doesn't exist without the other, and so on the course everything is funny, but afterward—adios. He almost never goes into the clubhouse to have a drink, and only rarely does he set foot in the locker room. He changes shoes in the car, and reporters can catch him only after a good round when he's brought into the interview room. Last year at the U.S. Open, an unsuspecting journalist approached Trevino, explaining that she wanted to do a piece on his home. "Nobody writes anything about my home," Trevino snapped, turning away. "My home is private."

"Lee doesn't like anything that's Establishment," says Woy, who stopped being Trevino's manager in 1970. "His biggest weakness, and the reason he has never won the Masters even after he began competing in the tournament again, is that he hates rejection. At Augusta he gets upset when he drives through the gates and he sees those hallowed pillars. He came from the other side of the tracks, and anytime he sees anybody who's polished or sophisticated, he tries to avoid him. He's a very private person, introverted and extroverted at the same time. He's not going to let anybody get inside of him. There's a veil around him. It's that simple."

During tournaments, Trevino is a virtual recluse. He rarely leaves his motel room except to go to the course. He orders from room service or dines on Kentucky Fried Chicken supplied by the Salinases. He calls home every day. Trevino will put on the wall-to-wall carpet in his room throughout

continued

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Lee Trevino *Continued*

the evening, one eye on the TV set. And when he gets up in the morning, he'll putt some more. Often he hits practice balls before going to the course—at a local driving range. And in the evenings, if possible, he'll hit some more. The work and practice are no big deal to him. He has always worked hard. As a kid at Hardy's, it was seven days a week, and he and the boss built the entire pitch 'n' putt course themselves. At Horizon Hills, he jogged to work at 6 a.m. Besides, he doesn't think of golf as work. When Trevino goes on vacation, he plays golf. "I come from a long line of striped range bulls," he says.

Trevino began calling room service in the early '70s, when he got tired and a little bit frightened of the fans who would stand respectfully when Nicklaus walked by, but who would then engulf Trevino, pounding his back, pulling at his shirt, ruffling his hair. "If they goase my eyes out, I'll play with a Seeing Eye dog," he once said after being manhandled. He was becoming a hostage to his image, he said, and he resented it.

Another important Trevino attribute is loyalty. If you show him he can trust you, you've got a friend for life. But let him down, quit on him, and it's over. It's no surprise that he has had the same No. 1 wood for almost 20 years, or, conversely, that he has gone through hundreds of turncoat putters, because to a lesser extent he has done the same thing with people. Neal Harvey, a taciturn black man, was his caddie for years, and together they won many of Trevino's titles. Harvey shouldering the bag and absorbing Trevino's nervous chatter. Then, because Harvey's wife wanted him to settle down, he quit the Tour in 1975 and took a job at the Los Angeles International Airport as a skycap.

This year at the L.A. Open, Harvey sought out Trevino. Trevino had heard that Harvey wanted to tote his bag again, but when the former caddie approached as Trevino practiced, Trevino hardly glanced up. One of Harvey's friends stood off to the side, beaming, obviously expecting a big show of affection. He knew how close Harvey and Trevino had been. The bystander didn't understand that Trevino doesn't believe in prodigal sons, and as Trevino's coolness became apparent, as Trevino spoke in only perfunctory tones and clipped sentences, the smile drained from the bystander's face. He realized that Harvey was back outside the gallery ropes with everybody else.

Trevino's self-imposed isolation is all-encompassing. For instance, he has a genuine fondness and admiration for Nicklaus, and when Nicklaus broke out of a long slump in the U.S. Open last June, Trevino really meant it when he yelled, "Let him go! Let the big dog out!" Years ago it was Nicklaus who tried to assuage Trevino's self-doubt with the counsel: "You don't know how good you are." And when Trevino boycotted the Masters, only Nicklaus could persuade him to play again at Augusta. And yet, Nicklaus admits he doesn't know Trevino. "We were all in the same hotel at the British Open last year, and nobody ever saw him," Nicklaus says. "It's like you wind him up and when he hits the course his mouth starts going. Until he goes back to his

room. Then he stops completely." Years ago on a transatlantic flight, Trevino was aghast to discover that he and Woy were on the same plane as Nicklaus and Billy Casper. As soon as they were airborne, Trevino left the first-class section and talked to the coach passengers for most of the seven-hour flight. He was playing safe.

Here is the reverse again, the ultimate reverse: Trevino makes his very good living at golf, the game of the Establishment, but he always plays on his terms. When people call out to him in Spanish from the gallery, Saper Mex usually answers them in English. He sets the rules, and when it's over, he's gone. In effect, he carries his own personal country club in his retinue: the Salinas brothers, Cesar Sanudo, another tournament player, and a few others. They're laughing, but only they really understand the punch line. Podnäh, they've been there.

Because he's the Merry Mex, not many people were concerned when they read in June of 1975 that Trevino had been struck by lightning at the Western Open near Chicago. The wire service story gave no indication of how serious the incident had been. In fact, Trevino almost died. Maybe he would have if he hadn't been so stubborn.

The lightning struck a nearby lake, traveled through the ground to where Trevino was sitting, leaning against his golf bag. The lightning traveled up the metal shafts and pierced Trevino's left side.

"The pain in my left arm and shoulder was killing me but I kept fighting it," he recalls. "I knew I had to hang in there." In the hospital, doctors found small spider marks on his left shoulder, the bolt's exit wounds. They said they normally saw such marks in the morgue. That night, though he had been given two sleeping pills, Trevino lay awake and watched a wall clock. "Each second meant I'd lived a little longer," he says. "I loved every minute of it."

Trevino was back on tour within a month, but there was a lingering aftereffect: a bad back. He has a theory that the electricity dried out the lubrication surrounding his disks. Whatever, 17 months later, in November of 1976, he was being wheeled into the operating room in a Houston hospital to have a herniated disk fixed. He looked up at the surgeon, Dr. Antonio Moure, and quipped, "Doc, your reputation is on the line. Blow this one and you can use those scalpels to eat your dinner."

As part of his rehabilitation, Trevino jogged and every morning stretched his back by hanging from a bar he could put up in any doorway. It was two years before the pain subsided. "I knew I'd come back," he says now. "There never was a doubt in my mind."

Out on the Tour, the first few months of 1977 were terrible for Trevino, and the year as a whole was his worst—just \$85,108 in earnings—since his rookie season of 1967. But he'd been loyal to golf, and he knew the game would be loyal to him. He was sure he'd come back from the operation. But then, a year later, his finances were askew, as if they, too, had been struck by lightning.

In late 1977 Trevino learned that he was cash poor. The small fortune he had amassed in 11 years on the Tour was emmeshed in a development called the Santa Teresa Country

continued

Lee Trevino continued

Club in New Mexico, not far from El Paso. The government had filed an \$82,000 tax lien against him and suddenly Trevino learned that there was no ready money to pay it off. He said, "I'm in debt very heavily and I shouldn't be. It's just a problem between Donnie and Jesse and me." Trevino plus Don Whittington and Jesse Whitenton, the cousins who had given him a job when he arrived in El Paso and backed him when he started on the Tour, were equal partners in the venture. Whittington and his cousin ran Lee Trevino Enterprises, which handled Trevino's income from endorsements, exhibitions and tournaments.

Trevino figures he lost \$1½ million. To be almost 40 and still running in place on the financial treadmill would be bad enough for most people, but for Trevino there was an extra agony: By his own determination, Don and Jesse could no longer be part of his life. Mike Bartlett, then a magazine journalist, interviewed Trevino at the time. "It was like the pain of the money wasn't even close to the hurt he felt over losing two friends," Bartlett says. Trevino has never publicly blamed anybody for what happened. But since that day when he called in the moving vans and returned to Dallas, the split with his former business partners has been final. Now he relies on the Salinases to handle his affairs. And Claudia keeps an eye on things.

"No one should say that Lee was ripped off or that someone stole the money, because that's not how it was," a friend of Trevino's says. "If anything, the deal in El Paso just got bigger than they could handle. Actually, it was what Lee wanted all of his life. His house overlooked the golf course. Everything looked great. Then all of a sudden one day there wasn't any money. Lee had to liquidate his assets. He sold the clubhouse and the golf course. He sold his apartments. He ended up with a piece of land and what cash he had, and that was that. He left for Dallas."

Eschenbrenner, the El Paso Country Club pro who helped Trevino get his PGA card, calls it a tribute to Trevino's resolve and fortitude that in the last three seasons he has won more than \$850,000 and, more important, ensured his stature as an endorser of products and a player who commands a \$20,000 fee for an exhibition. "You ought to try putting those three-footers when all of a sudden you don't have anything again," Eschenbrenner says. "Lee proved how great he is by coming back from that, because his nerves had to be shot by then."

Shot nerves or not, Trevino, 40 and with a dusting of gray in his hair, went out last year and had a tremendous season. He won three tournaments and \$385,814. For the fifth time he won the Vardon Trophy, the award given for the fewest strokes per round, his average of 69.73 was the best on the circuit in 30 years, Trevino didn't miss a cut in 21 tournaments, he finished in the top five 11 times, and he was second to Tom Watson in the British Open.

He claims to be shaky on the greens now, though he ranked a very respectable 21st as a putter among the touring pros last year. Off the tee and on the fairway, he's striking the ball wonderfully and is still improving. Ben Hogan once said that Trevino manipulated the club better than any-

one, and there's no one more adept at inventing trouble shots. It's all there in his hands, which are programmed like a computer. "If a guy walked around with me and said, 'I want you to cut a seven-iron in there,' I could do it," says Trevino. "If he said, 'Hook a five-iron in there,' I could do that. I'd love a guy beside me calling the shots. The whole thing is: It's a damn challenge."

On the course, Trevino naturally makes a joke about it. After splitting the fairway with a drive, he'll yell, "Same of thing. It's hell to wake up every morning and know you're going to hit that driver like that. The most dangerous thing I do is drive to the bank. I've got a bad swing, a bad stance and a bad grip, but my banker loves me. I'm the best furniture maker in the world. No one hits the wood clubs better than I do."

No one taught him the way to do any of this. He figured it out himself—how to get rid of the hook, how to punch those iron shots that make the ball act as if it had spikes on it. Some of it comes from the days at Hardy's, when he would hit 500 balls a day, minimum. Every day.

"Money doesn't mean a lot to me," says Trevino. "I make a lot of it, but I leave it up to the Salinas brothers and my wife. I don't have to worry about it: Am I losing \$10,000 here, making \$40,000 there? I've told them, 'I'm going to make you some money. I know I can do that. Now it's up to you to invest it wisely so when I retire in 1985, I hope I'll be set.' If not, I'll pick up golf balls somewhere."

Over the years Trevino has been a soft touch. He gives a lot of money to charities and buys ice cream and soft drinks for orphans. He once walked into a barbershop, saw a child crying and rushed out to buy a toy as a pacifier. He remembers what it was like to be a kid who did without. After making it big, he never changed. He took his old buddy, Merin Lettunich, the El Paso cotton farmer, to play in the Bing Crosby National Pro-Am. Monte Sarange, a Horizon Hills handyman with a crippled arm, became Trevino's valet on the Tour. And each year Trevino plays in the Hawaiian Open as a tribute to Ted Makalena, a pro from the islands who died from a swimming accident. Makalena was Trevino's friend; they roomed together for a while on the Tour. When Trevino heard of Makalena's death, he turned to a friend and said, "I'm going to win the Hawaiian Open and donate the purse to Ted's kids." And he won and gave \$10,000 to the Makalena family.

"Every year Lee takes me to the Tournament of Champions near San Diego," says Eschenbrenner. "One night we returned to Lee's room and out of nowhere, he said, 'C'mon, we're going into town.' He had heard that some wounded soldiers were being entertained at a local service hall and he wanted to visit them. He spent the whole evening talking to those guys. They loved it. That's the kind of guy Lee Trevino is."

Upon the completion of his first full season on the circuit, Trevino calculated he had earned \$500 an hour on the golf course. Wonderment engulfed him. It was hilarious. Imagine being a barefoot Mexican-American a short time before and now earning that kind of money—at golf, no less, the sport where someone always has to sign your application. Podnab, that's the punch line. **END**



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Yesterday

by MICHAEL CROSSBY

WITH A BUNCH OF GARBAGEMEN IN THE LINEUP, THE BUSHWICKS CLEANED UP

On Oct. 8, 1957 the Dodgers announced they were leaving Brooklyn, and a million hearts were broken, but in certain quarters, especially those near the Brooklyn-Queens border, defiance raised its head and the proud cry was heard, "Bring back the Bushwicks!" The Bushwicks? Today they are all but forgotten, but there were Sunday afternoons in the first half of this century when the Bushwicks, operating out of Dexter Park in Queens, hard by the Brooklyn border, outperformed the Dodgers, who worked just a few miles away. The Bushwicks weren't in organized baseball. They weren't Triple A or Double A or any kind of A. They were semipro. And yet the box scores indicate that they played like big-leaguers on many occasions.

Oct. 11, 1931: The Dazzy Vance All-Stars barnstorm their way into Dexter Park. Vance, a future Hall-of-Famer and a mainstay of the Dodger staff, is defeated 2-1. Oct. 17, 1948: The Bushwicks are playing the World Series All-Stars, a team of present and future big-leaguers led by Larry Doby, Tommy Holmes and Eddie Stanky, all 300 hitters during the regular season. Thirteen scoreless innings go by, and in the 14th Bushwick Second Baseman Al Cuccinello, moonlighting from his job at the Sanitation Department, lines a single through the right side to score fellow sanitation worker Jack Di Grace. The Bushwicks win 1-0. Doby, Stanky & Co. have collected just four hits in 14 innings. The Bushwick pitcher is a stocky, left-handed, 19-year-old curveballer from Astoria, Queens named Eddie Ford. July 1, 1951: Ford, now known as Whitey, is pitching against the Bushwicks for the Fort Monmouth Army team after a 9-1 rookie season with the Yankees. The Bushwicks chase him in the fourth and win 9-0. Ford, like Vance, is now in the Hall of Fame.

Semipro is actually the wrong word for the Bushwicks. Along with several other teams—the Springfield Greys, the Barton Nighthawks (owned and operated

by actor James Barton of Tobacco Road fame) and the Bay Parkways, with whom Hank Greenberg got his start—they should have been called "independent." As such, they played a lot of baseball, as many as 90 games a season in the peak years. And a lot of their best players performed for other teams, too. "That's why we were always in shape," says Cuccinello, who played for the Giants in the days of Hubbell, Ott and Terry and is now a Yankee scout. "Di Grace and I played four games a week for the Bushwicks and four for the Sanitation Department team. All we did was play ball." Another ex-Bushwick can recall a Sanitation Department hiring session at the height of the Depression. "Three hundred guys were lined up all night. Then at 8 a.m. a door opens and six guys march to the head of the line. They were all ball-players."

Money and local pride were the secrets of the Bushwicks' success. In the '30s and '40s the salary of a top minor-leaguer couldn't equal what a man could make playing for the Bushwicks or some corporate-sponsored teams. And besides, you got to stay at home.

Unfortunately, the Bushwicks were never able to secure the undivided loyalty of the home fans. One group, known

as the "landlords," sat behind first base and did indeed root for the Bushwicks, but the "tenants," who sat behind third base, rode Catcher-Couch Paddy (the Pig) Smith so hard that he sometimes had to be removed from the field for fear of bloodshed. Home-field hatred of the Bushwicks reached its zenith in 1931 when a questionable call by an umpire against a visiting Japanese team set off a torrent of insults and flying objects, and the game had to be halted until the police arrived and restored order. The Brooklyn Eagle, known as an objective paper, reported that the "fans were with the Japs all the way." Even though they weren't loved, the Bushwicks consistently won 75% of their games, in large measure because of old-fashioned baseball know-how.

Still, the Bushwicks occasionally resorted to measures outside the realm of old-fashioned baseball. In 1941, on a rare road trip, they went down to Griffith Stadium in Washington, D.C. to play the Homestead Grays of the Negro leagues. It was wartime, and with a lot of major-leaguers stationed in the area as servicemen, several of the Bushwicks went into temporary retirement to enable the team to "load up," as the saying went. Among the retirees was Jack (Snapper) O'Neill, prematurely gray and known as the finest "signature man," or signer-in of absences, in the baseball-crazy Sanitation Department.

Sitting in the press box and hearing one of the temporary Bushwicks announced as O'Neill, Snapper leaned over to a reporter and said, "Get \$500 down for me. We can't miss today." The reporter found a well-dressed Gray supporter and said, "Would you care to make a little bet?" "My man," was the reply, "do you mean to bet conversation or do you mean to bet wherewithal?" Needless to say, the Snapper and his man meant wherewithal, and the bet was on. O'Neill's substitute hit the distant left-field wall twice before the game was called on account of rain. On the way out, one of the Grays stopped the slugger and said, "You may be Snapper O'Neill indeed, but you're batting right-handed now, your hair has turned black and you've learned how to hit."

Then there was the time Lefty Gomez, playing out the string with the Bushwicks after winning 189 games for the Yankees, bet owner Max Rosner that he could hit a homer, a feat which had

ILLUSTRATION BY JACK UPRON



cluded him during 14 years in the majors. After talking the pitcher into grooving one and the outfielders into waving at anything he hit their way, Gomez fell on his face while rounding third base. He had never before run so far on one hit.

It was the postwar proliferation of cars and TV sets that marked the end for the Bushwicks. As Di Grice puts it, "When they got cars, wives began to remember all kinds of cousins and uncles they just had to visit on Sunday." Another reason for the Bushwicks' decline was the integration of the major leagues. As good as the Bushwicks were, the names DiMaggio, Williams and Feller weren't on their roster, and the big draw at Dexter Park hadn't been the Bushwicks themselves but the famous and talented stars of the Negro leagues whose teams frequently played there, including the one and only Josh Gibson.

Gibson, known as the black Babe Ruth, is the only man anyone can remember hitting a ball over the billboard in centerfield. Homers were, in general, hard to come by at Dexter Park: The fences were more distant than in most major league parks and, more important, owner Rosner, a Hungarian immigrant who managed the team himself until the 1930s, knew the value of a baseball. When you were paying your players \$45 to \$100 a week you didn't let \$2 or \$3 baseballs fly over the fence indiscriminately; so the game balls remained in the icebox until game time in order to deaden them. For extra security, squads of small boys were stationed beyond the fence in foul territory. In exchange for turning in baseballs they were given 30¢ Bushwick tickets. No one ever put anything over on Uncle Max, not even the framers of the city's blue laws. Before World War I it was illegal to charge admission to a baseball game on Sunday, so Uncle Max, who manufactured cigars before he took to freezing baseballs, sold scorecards and pencils at the gate for 50¢. And God forbid anyone should try to enter without buying.

When the end came, it came not with a bang or even a whimper. "The players knew it was coming when they put in an asphalt stock-car track at the edge of the field," says Tony DePhillips, who caught Ford in the 14-inning masterpiece. "There was no announcement, no ceremony. Nineteen fifty-one ended and nobody said anything about 1952." **END**



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week June 1-17

Compiled by N. BROOKS CLARK

BASEBALL—MARHETTA OHIO COLLEGE defeated defending champion Illinois (N.Y.) College 14-12 in Manhattan to win the NCAA Division III title.

BOWLING—JIFF MORIN defeated Larry Lash 224-210 to win the \$40,000 Seattle Open.

BOXING—LUIS IBARRA regained the WBA flyweight title. He had lost it February 1980 with a unanimous (5-unanimous) decision over defending champion Santos Lacran in Buenos Aires.

GOLF—TOM WATSON defeated Timmy Macthomas on the third hole of sudden death to win the \$300,000 Augusta Classic. Both finished regulation play at 277. 11 under par.

SANDRA POST shot a six-under-par 282 to win a \$150,000 PGA tournament in Melbourne, Fla. by two strokes over Amy Alcott.

HORSE RACING—SUNNING (5:27.86), with George Marston aboard, beat Highland Blade by a neck in the \$204,300 Belmont Stakes, Favourite Pleasant Colony, trying stately for a Triple Crown, finished third. The winner's time for the 1 1/4 miles was 2:27 (page 18).

WAYNARD LASS (5:28.26), Cash Ashworth up, beat Heavenly Came by a neck to win the \$111,000 Mother Goose Stakes at Belmont Park. The 3-year-old filly did the 1 1/4 miles in 1:48.

MOTOR SPORTS—BENNY PARSONS drove his Ford to victory in the NASCAR 400 in College Station, Texas. He averaged 132.475 on the two-mile oval of the Texas World Speedway and finished 51 second ahead of Dale Earnhardt, an Pontiac.

MIKE MOSLEY, averaging 113.68 mph in an Eagle equipped with a stock-block Chevrolet V-8, won the Ray May 130 on the one-mile oval of the Wisconsin State Fair Park in West Allis. He beat Kevin Cogan, who drove a Pontiac-Chevorn to 96 seconds.

SOCCER—NASL: The goal news for the League Division leading Columbus was upset again by Roberto C. Santos, whose eighth and ninth goals of the season, the latter at 2:54 of overtime, gave them a 2-1 victory over Montreal (page 48). The bad news was a decree from the government of Paraguay ordering Columbus to pay for its stadium counterpart Jairo Cesar Romero for a World Cup qualifying match against Chile last

Sunday. Even without them, the Cosmos lost Atlanta, the Southern Division leader, 2-1, in league scoring leader Giorgio Chinaglia picked up his 17th goal on a penalty kick. Edmonton Defenceman Jan Rudak has some good news and some bad news, too. With 23 minutes to play and the score tied 1-1 in the Defencive game with Los Angeles, Rudak headed an 18-foot shot over the goalkeeper's head for a score. Unfortunately, the shot had struck off the back of Rudak's head. The goalie was his teammate, John Biertra, and the score gave the game to the Afters, 2-1. Los Angeles remained on top at the Western Division after Dan Diego left 1-0 in Chicago. It was the 10th win in 13 games for the Soap, the leader in the Central Division. Calgary moved out of the cellar of the Northern Division with a pair of upsets. In the Bombers' 4-1 thrashing of San Diego, Danish Winger Jorgen Kristensen assisted on all four goals—two by Willi Rasmussen, playing in his third NASL game, and one each by Jemmer Lember and Victor Kelder. In a 3-2 comeback triumph at Vancouver, it was Lember who led the score at 2-1 and Kelder who closed the victory in the thousand. Seattle meanwhile applied the Whinwaps as the Northwest Division leaders with a 2-0 triumph over Dallas in which Steve Darcy and Shaun Elliott both scored assisted goals.

ASL: Three teams each had two victories on the week after Steve Jensen made some sense in a 3-0 Rochester win over Cleveland, homegrown product Dennis Molinar struck twice to help the Flash edge New England 2-1 and climb out of the Freedom Conference cellar. New York Crusad crash Detroit's first loss of the season, 2-1, on a goal by Forward Ali Ravo, with nine minutes remaining, before beating Carolina 3-0. And Pennsylvania defeated the New York Cosmos 3-2 on two goals by Richard Koser and their pin two goals from Bill Sauter on penalty kicks to triumph over Cleveland 4-0.

TENNIS—BORN BORG defeated Ivan Lend 6-1, 6-4, 6-2, 3-6, 4-1 to win his sixth French Open men's singles title. HANNA MANDRUCOVA beat Svitla Haska 6-3, 6-4 for the women's crown (page 22).

TRACK & FIELD—At the NCAA outdoor championships in Baton Rouge, CARL ELMS of Bloomington became the first subelite since Jesse Owens in 1936 to win medals in both a track and a field event with victories in the 100 meters (19.99) and the long jump (27.71). SULLIMAN NYAMBUU of UTEP surprised the mark set

by Owens—and shared by Jerry Rodgers of Washington State—of eight NCAA individual titles. With victories in the 100-yard (13.42) and 200 (30.02) 100 Yd, Nyambur now has 10 career championships. He also led the Blazers to their third consecutive team title 79-57 over SMU (page 26).

WEIGHTLIFTING—OTA ZAREMBA, a 220-pound weight lifter from Czechoslovakia, snatched 437.5 pounds in Tashkent, Hungary, to surpass the world record of 460 pounds lifted by David Rigert of the U.S.S.R. in March.

At the U.S. Federation Nationals in San Francisco's Palace of Fine Arts, LARRY HANNAN won the over-242-pound weight category by clearing and jerking 479.5 pounds and snatching 353.5. The other champions were GUY CARLTON at 242 with a total of 703.5, KEN CLARK at 270 with 771.5, KEVIN WINTER at 292 with 735, VAL BALLIGAN at 315 with 722, FRED LOWE at 345 with 694.25, CAL SCHAKE at 345 with 679.25, PHIL SANDERSON at 371 with 578, ALBERT HODGINS at 423 with 479.5 and WREN NICKERELL at 514 with 355.

BASEBALLS—NAMED: As coach of the New York Rangers, HERB BROTHY, who guided the University of Minnesota to three NCAA titles between 1972 and 1979 and the U.S. Olympic team to a gold medal in Lake Placid in 1980, is coach of the Minnesota Canadiens. BOB BERRY, 37, who before he resigned last month had a three-season record of 107-44-3 with the Los Angeles Kings as coach of the Colorado Rockies, HERB MARSHALL, 37, a former player with the Detroit Red Wings, Oakland and California Seals, and New York Rangers and Islanders (1967-79) and a minor league coach and to return as coach of Buffalo after a season in the Sabres' general managers, SKOTTY BOWMAN, 47.

As winner, for the second consecutive season, of the Hart Memorial Trophy in the NHL's Most Valuable Player, Center WAYNE GRETZKY of the Edmonton Oilers.

DIED: GEORGE V. BROWN JR., 72, the official scorer for the Boston Marathon for the past 41 years of career, in Boston.

CREDITS

4—Walter Isaac Jr. 48—Steve Cohen 20—Manny Miller 21—Vladimir Novak 21—Patrice R. Brown 22—Jerry Richter 22—Richard Marston 22—Mark Pappas 22—George Longman 23—Rick and Massimo Ingrassia 24—Alta Ole country club 24—G. Co. Henry P. Matthews

FACES IN THE CROWD



SHANE HACH
COLUMBIA, CALIF.

DAVE PARKULA
BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

Shane and Dave, both 17, set national high school records for consecutive hits and home runs, respectively. Over five games Shane, a shortstop at Gahr High, had 16 straight hits, including two triples and three homers, to earn the mark of nine in a row shared by three players. Dave, a catcher at Woodward Wilson High, slammed five consecutive home runs during a doubleheader with Princeton High—four in the opener. He broke the record of four straight held by three players.

CEFERINA FOLK
ARIZONA, CALIF.

DELOISE WHITE
DETROIT, MICH.

Ciferina, a junior at DeSoto High, and Deloise, a sophomore at Atlantic Community High, excelled in the girls' state AAA track meet in Winter Park, Fla. Ciferina, who has won the state 100-yard dash six for three straight years, finished first in the 100 and 200 in state-record times of 10.8 and 24.4, respectively, as well as in the 400 (1:17). Deloise placed second in the 100 (11.0), 220 (1:25.1) and 440 (1:37.3) and won the long jump with a state high school record leap of 19' 3/4".



JAN DETZEL
SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

Detzel, 23, president of a fishing rod manufacturing firm, set a women's line-bow world record by beating a 15-pound, 5-ounce largemouth bass in California's Lake Cuyamaca. The previous women's best was 15 pounds, 2 ounces.



ED PHILLIPS
WILSON, CALIF.

Phillips, 61, a real estate agent, shared two doubles titles and won the Grand Masters singles at the U.S. badminton nationals in San Jose, Calif. He had similar singles at this year's San Diego Senior International and the Canadian nationals.

Edited by GAY FLOOD

ISLANDERS UNDERCOVERED

Sir:

Not again! The New York Islanders won the Stanley Cup and weren't on the cover of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* (June 1). When they won it last year, Johnny Rutherford, the winner of the Indy 500, was on the cover. This year Joe and Marvin Frazier were featured. What did they do? Smoked? Joe is retired and Marvin had won a six-round bout on a TKO in the last round. In future years, how about being first to the Islander "dynasty"?

DAVID ARLESON
New York City

Sir:

Regarding your June 1 issue, I guess I don't mind a lead article on the Indy 500, the race was kind of exciting. And I don't mind the Fraziers; it will be interesting to see if Marvin can outsize his father. I don't know about Wilfred Benitez; just what is a super welterweight? And as for Jorge Velasquez, I always thought the horses were more important than the jockeys. But surfcasting? An article about surfcasting before one about the Stanley Cup finals? I always thought the only reason all these surfcasters got up so early was to get away from sunburned kids and beach balls. I never knew you could catch fish that way.

The Stanley Cup finals showed that hockey is exciting without fights. They showed that the players are articulate and talented and young. But *SI*'s article (The Islanders Sew It Up) didn't show any of that. Surfcasting?

PAUL M. DEBRINGER
Bowling Green, Ohio

Sir:

I decided receiving my June 1 issue of *SI*, fearing that it would be chock-full of gushing, slobbering, hero-worshipping articles praising the Islanders for their Stanley Cup victory. Needless to say, I was very pleased to see the meager coverage you gave them.

The truth is that the 1981 Stanley Cup finals were boring and did more to damage this once great sport than 100 bench-clearing brawls could ever have done. What once was a fast-paced, exciting game has now degenerated into nothing more than an ice folly. This polarized, homogenized version of hockey that anti-violence scribbles like Mark Mulvey and Larry Brooks seem to love will never sell.

THOMAS R. WRIGHT
Oreland, Pa.

DRIVING LESSONS

Sir:

The debtors by Donia McMurray-Karmise that accompanied the A.J. Foyt story (Get Out of the Way, Here Comes A.J., May 25) reminded me all too much of a similar ex-

perience I had in Rome in 1970. Like the author, I had purchased a used Ferrari and was having an extremely difficult time learning to drive it. I, too, finally resorted to taking lessons from a professional, and he helped me master the car enough so that I had three years of enjoyment with it before moving back to the U.S. The twist to my story is that in the same condominium in which I lived in Rome was a boy who often asked to sit in the car and to ride with me from the gate of the condo to the garage when I came home from work. He was just into karting then. His name was Eddie Cheever, and today he's an up-and-coming Grand Prix driver.

DONN JOYCE
Indianapolis

Sir:

I'll bet Ben Hogan was delighted with *SI*'s May 25 cover photo of A.J. Foyt. Hogan's golfing logo, which can be seen on A.J.'s red leather gloves, fits right in with all those other product names decorating Foyt's Indy outfit. I wonder: Does A.J. wear golf gloves because the 500 is a long driving contest?

BILL WEBER
New York City

Sir:

The invisible combustion caused by alcohol-fuel fires is frightening (A *Fierce and Fiery* 500, June 1). Until some color or chemical additive that would clearly indicate the presence of an alcohol fire is found, the use of this fuel should be banned at Indianapolis.

JOSÉPH F.J. CURT, M.D.
Torrington, Conn.

THE ILLINOIS CASE

Sir:

In his article *The Big Ten's Big Mess* (May 25) Douglas S. Looney says the Big Ten eligibility committee ruled that Dave Wilson "could play in the fall if he had 51 hours of academic credit, the Big Ten minimum for a student going into his [third] year. (Wilson was allowed to transfer 36 hours from Fullerton.)" In the next paragraph he writes that the Big Ten faculty representatives reaffirmed that Wilson had only one year of eligibility left and that instead of using it up in 1980 he would have to acquire fourth-year status—a minimum of 78 credit hours—in order to play in 1981. From what Looney writes, even if Wilson had been ruled eligible to play in 1980 by the Big Ten, he still would have been 15 hours short of being academically eligible. He had only 36 hours after two years of college and needed 51. Please explain.

ALEX GRAYES
Skokie, Ill.

• Wilson earned the necessary 15 additional

hours in a subsequent spring semester at Illinois and in a summer session at California State University, Fullerton. Also, because Wilson then transferred from Illinois' College of Agriculture to its College of Applied Life Sciences, he was allowed to count two more hours of credit—in addition to the 36 originally allowed—that he had earned while at Fullerton College, a junior college.—ED

BILL JAMES' NUMBERS

Sir:

I enjoyed your article on Bill James and his baseball statistics (He does it by the Numbers, May 25). Having shared the same dorm with Bill for several years at the University of Kansas, I can attest to his devotion to thoroughness, his love of statistics and his dedication to baseball. The only flaw I could ever find in his thinking was that I could never persuade him to cheer for the Cardinals.

TONY BANDEL
Atlin, Mo.

Sir:

Bill James sounds like a fascinating and lucid fellow. It's amazing that anyone as hard-working, creative and thoughtful as he is can't make a decent living from baseball analysis, while views of less knowledgeable sportswriters and commentators prosper. I'd like to put my money where my mouth is and purchase a copy of his 1981 *Baseball Abstract*. Where do I write?

JANE EVANS
Baltimore

• Send your check for \$13 to Bill James, P.O. Box 2150, Lawrence, Kans. 66044.—ED.

Sir:

Regarding Bill James' contentions at the beginning of your article about him, I'd like to offer a few rebuttals: 1) When people talk about Billy Martin's genius for inspiring young players, they're not referring to the players' ages. What they mean is that he has inspired players with fewer than five years of major league experience; 2) Billy Martin likes his players to steal and hit-and-run; 3) Nolan Ryan hasn't lost many leads, so he's almost unbeatable; and 4) The Phillies got lucky last year and a lot of people wrote them off. As for Montreal's record in the stretch, the Expos lost crucial games to Philadelphia at the end of last season.

JOHN MAYFIELD
Independence, Mo.

DO AS I SAY ...

Sir:

On Saturday, May 16 I watched *The Baseball Busch* (TV/RADIO, May 25). Johnny

Bench was instructing the Bunch on the proper way to catch a fly ball. Among his rules: Always use two hands. A film, narrated by Tommy Lasorda, was shown of major league players making errors by trying to catch the ball with one hand. The following Saturday, I watched Bench play on NBC's *Game of the Week*. On pops to first base, Bench made the play by catching the ball with one hand. Does he practice what he preaches?

JOSEPH BASVILIUM
East Setauket, N.Y.

PERFECT GAMES

Sir:

In his article on Len Barker's perfect game (*Perfect as Every Day*, May 25) Bruce Newman seems to imply that a perfect game is one in which there are no hits, no walks, no errors, no nothing. Actually, a perfect game may have an error. The definition of a perfect game is a complete game in which a pitcher prevents any opposing batter from reaching first base. Hence, a foul pop-up dropped by a fielder would be scored as an error, but the pitcher would still have an opportunity to retire that batter and preserve his perfect game.

DAVID KEENAN
West Des Moines, Iowa

Sir:

How can you consider it a perfect game if it was played in Cleveland?

MARK COFFMAN
Goree, Texas

BOSTON HEROES

Sir:

I have no idea where John Papanek got the information that Larry Bird has "easily surpassed Bobby Orr and Carlton Fisk and is even now challenging the sainted Carl Yastrzemski in the hierarchy of [Boston's] favorite sports heroes" (*Once More, with a Lot of Feeling*, May 25). That's absurd.

First of all, no one in Boston compares baseball players like Fisk and Yastrzemski with basketball's Bird. There's no need to Boston fans like all three. Second, it's absolutely crazy to even think that there is or ever will be a player in the history of Boston sports who has surpassed or will surpass Orr in the hearts of anyone who has seen Orr play.

SHANT MARSHARIAN
Minneapolis, Ind.

Sir:

If John Papanek would do a little more research, he would find that the two most worshipped figures in Boston sports history are Bobby Orr and Ted Williams. Larry Bird may someday achieve their level of popularity, but for now he doesn't come close.

HOWARD BIRLEWIN
Cambridge, Mass.

Sir:

I was disturbed by John Papanek's suggestion that the fans attend Celtics games because the Celtics are a "white" team or that Larry Bird is admired because he is a white

continued



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19TH HOLE continued

player. As a longtime fan, let me assure you that every Celtic is the same color: Green.

DENNIS LUNG

West Roxbury, Mass.

Sir,

How about printing a Celtic hater's opinion for a change? Hating the Boston Celtics is as American as apple pie. Contrary to Pa-punck's and Cedric Maxwell's belief, fans also come out in large numbers to see the Celtics get beat. Only when all the other NBA teams have won 14 league crowns will this Celtic-hater rest easy.

JOHN SCOTT

Jacksonville

CLEVE LEWIS & CO.

Sir,

I thoroughly enjoyed Sarah Flieger's article on the outstanding Lewis family (Going to Great Lengths, June 11). But Willingboro (N.J.) High's production of super track stars can't hold a torch to the capacity of John F. Kennedy High ("the other school in town," where Bill Lewis teaches social studies) for putting soccer players into the pro ranks. Six JFK alumni have played or are playing in the NASL, the MISL or the ASL, including Cleve Lewis, Tony Belanger, Chris Cattaneo, Dave Grimaldi, Jeff Kraft (just drafted by the MISL's Philadelphia Fever) and Roland Mitchell. The man largely responsible for this is Charles Duceilik, the former coach of the Kennedy Gryphons.

I'm sure that no more than a handful of high school coaches in any sport can say that in fewer than 10 years they have put five players into the pros and more than 60% of their letterman into top colleges.

BILL GRAY

Essex, Pa.

LAST WORD

Sir,

The editor's footnote to my letter, which appeared in the May 25 19TH HOLE, stated that for the years 1930-1979, excluding bowl games, the NCAA listed Notre Dame as the third-winningest Division I-A football team, behind Alabama and Oklahoma.

It may be of passing interest to your readers to know that during that period Notre Dame played Oklahoma eight times, winning seven, and Alabama three times (including two bowl games), winning each time.

In that same span of 50 years, Notre Dame won eight national championships, outdistancing Alabama (six) and Oklahoma (five).

GORDON DILNO

Naples, Fla.

• An NCAA recheck of its 1930-1979 records show that, including and excluding bowl games, Notre Dame was the second-winningest I-A team in those 50 years, with Alabama first and Oklahoma third.—ED.

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Box: Less than 0.01 mg. "tar", 0.002 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette
by FTC method. Soft Pack: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine.
Menthol: Less than 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '79.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.